The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Boycotting Japan—Boon or Boomerang?

"BOYCOTT JAPAN!"

So cry a number of editors. Their indignation flames up in editorial columns of the representative dailies which now call upon Mr. Hoover and the Council of the League of Nations to bring defiant Japan to her knees.

"Territorial rape planned and executed at a moment when China is helpless and the great nations of the world enmeshed in economic difficulties." Thus the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* expresses itself, adding that the world "must in clear and unmistakable language call this proposed rape of Manchuria by its right name, and take effective steps to prevent it."

All must now join together to prevent this "international brigandage," insists this paper:

"The League of Nations and the signatories of the Kellogg and Nine-Power pacts must act with all the power at their command to prevent this high crime against the basic principles that form their common dedication."

A SPECIAL telegraphic poll of leading papers, undertaken by THE LITERARY DIGEST, finds some editors convinced that a boycott initiated by the League of Nations should be respected by this country. Article 16 of the League Covenant, widely quoted in all discussions of this possibility, provides:

"Should any member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles 12, 13, or 15 (the arbitration provisions), it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking State, and the prevention of all financial, commercial, or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking State and the nationals of any other State, whether a member of the League or not."

THIS economic blockade can be made effective only with the cooperation of the United States, points out the Milwaukee *Journal* in an outspoken editorial wired to THE LITERARY DIGEST. *The Journal* insists that the enforcement of peace in the present crisis is paramount. The Milwaukee paper thus defines the international crisis:

"It is whether law or war is to be the rule of the world. . . .

"How can President Hoover hesitate?

"How can he have any question in such a situation? It is his greatest opportunity. Not Borah nor Reed nor the memory of Lodge should frighten him from saying the necessary word. He must know that he would have the overwhelming approval of the American people."

The Detroit *News* agrees heartily—"it is the one effective weapon."

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A Good Time to Try Out That Club

—Darling in the New York "Herald Tribune."

"It is a question whether Japan belongs in the family of nations at all.

"In face of the fact that all the Powers had signed a solemn agreement guaranteeing the integrity of the Government of Korea, Japan seized Korea.

"In 1915, as all will remember, Japan attempted to gain virtual control not alone of Manchuria but of all China.

"The twenty-one points in the treaty Japan proposed to force upon China will bear no other interpretation.

"Now in 1931, Japan, tho a party to the Kellogg-Briand pact, proceeds to disregard it and to seize Manchuria, and to give every evidence that she proposes presently to take by force the very things she attempted to take in 1915.

"Of course the Powers should boycott Japan."

William Allen White's Emporia *Gazette* is likewise indignantly outspoken. The boycott, it thinks, would quickly bring Japan to terms, as "her industrial life depends upon her international trade."

"It is proper that America, whom Japan regards as a rival, should not take the lead in forcing Japan to withdraw.

"But it would be foolish to let this attitude be interpreted as a refusal to join in any sane measures to preserve world peace, which the other civilized nations decide upon."

THESE protesting voices seem to be in a minority, however. Over the wires from the Pacific coast, from Texas, which sells so much cotton to Japan, from the Middle West, from prudent New England, arrive warnings against any such boycott.

"Muddled statesmanship, unwise and ineffective," would be behind such a boycott, in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Record*. Such an "economic ring of iron," this paper insists, would be suicide for the League of Nations.

"It would increase the cleavage between the Eastern and the Western worlds. American participation is unthinkable.

"The project is childish in conception, poisonous in spirit, and can only be destructive in effect."

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The Minneapolis *Tribune* emphasizes the boomerang effect of any boycott instituted against Japan:

"The boycott is a two-edged instrument which cuts in more than one direction. The notion that one nation can sever trade relations with another as a means of coercion without definitely working injury to itself is about as fallacious, on the face of it, as the notion that a man can butt over a stone wall without suffering various bruises and contusions in the process.

"In the case of the United States, the declaration of a boycott against Japan would mean the immediate alienation of a nation which in 1930 bought goods valued at $219,000,000."

OTHER papers opposed to the United States joining any League boycott against Japan include the Seattle *Times*, the Dallas *News*, the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, the Atlanta *Constitution*, the Miami *Herald*, the Manchester (N. H.) *Union*, the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, the Kansas City *Journal-Post*, the Denver *Post*, the New York *American* and the rest of the Hearst papers, and the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

Many papers agree with the last-named that "boycotts are the League's affair, not ours." The Los Angeles *Times* wires:

"The United States has chosen to remain outside the League. This reason will be considered by many sufficient to bar action on our part as a part of the League, even in this case."

The Manchester (N. H.) *Union* recalls that the American people rejected membership in the League because they "did not like this coercion clause." Moreover:

"The League of Nations Council itself is impotent to enforce a program of coercion against Japan without the cooperation of the United States.

"In other words, in seeking to save its face by bringing its sanctions into play, the Council hopes to rely on America's strong arm in enforcing its demands. Do the American people wish to assume such a rôle? We do not believe they do."

The New York *Sun* commends the action of Ambassador Dawes in this respect:

"Ambassador Dawes did well promptly to announce at Paris that whatever the League might do in the way of putting economic pressure on Japan, the United States would have no part in such a move. Our obligations toward China, as exprest in the Nine-Power Treaty, require no such action now, if ever.

"Indeed, it is remarkable that an economic boycott against Japan, or anything resembling it, should be suggested at the present stage of events in Manchuria.

"Far more reasonable would be an inquiry, either under the Nine-Power Treaty or by the League, as to conditions in Manchuria and the best way to bring peace."

BOYCOTT or no boycott by the Western nations, that will be China's main weapon against Japan in the months to come, if we may believe dispatches. In the opinion of George E. Sokolsky, Far Eastern expert for the New York *Times*, there can be no doubt of its efficacy in the hands of the Chinese. He explains:

"The Japanese know what such a boycott means because they have experienced seven boycotts since 1908, and each has proved very serious to Japan's national balance sheet.

"As soon, then, as the Japanese military deflate from their easy victory, the more reasonable Japanese civilians will have to begin negotiations with China to end the boycott.

"No League of Nations commission, no outsider can help China and Japan in such negotiations. It has to be a bargain, and a bargain to which there are no witnesses.

"Into such a conference China does not come as a weakling. The longer it is delayed, the less weak China will be, for the more effective the boycott will be.

"For no matter whether China has a united government or no government at all, the boycott will continue.

"As the boycott hurts Japan's trade more, the Japanese civilians will be able to assert greater authority, and China will be able to make greater demands on Japan.

"This is the stage of the conflict between China and Japan upon which both countries are now entering. It is a hard, bitter, cold phase, one which leads to mass movements and demonstrations, and often to changes in government in China, and sometimes even in Japan."

Our New Tax Dilemma

"ONLY A MIRACLE CAN PREVENT an increase in Federal taxes during the coming session of Congress." With that statement of the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* all observers seem to agree.

But just what taxes shall be raised or laid to meet the huge deficit which is expected to total about $2,000,000,000 by the end of the fiscal year next June?

Shall Uncle Sam get it only from his wealthy nieces and nephews through higher income, estate, and gift taxes? Or shall he make everybody contribute through a general sales tax? If not that, then how about a selective sales tax?

The men who make Uncle Sam's decisions are ready for a hot fight over these issues, as we are told by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"While it is conceded no general sales tax can pass Congress, the Treasury is expected to advocate a selective sales tax on articles which the advocates of this tax will call luxuries, including automobiles and radios.

"Some members of both Houses express doubt whether any sales tax or excise tax can be passed.

"The insurgent Republicans, some of the Democrats, and part of the regular Republicans will fight hard against any taxes except higher surtaxes, higher estate taxes, and the gift tax, as well as a tax on stock speculation."

ONE of the most aggressive advocates of a sales tax is William Randolph Hearst, the publisher, who recently invited American Senators and Representatives to tour Canada at his expense to study the workings of the sales tax there. Sixty-four lawmakers went on the trip, we read. Arguing for this legislation, Merryle Stanley Rukeyser says in Mr. Hearst's Washington *Herald* that profit taxes "reach the vanishing-point in periods of depression," and "corporation and personal-income taxes penalize the efficient producer and distributer," but the sales tax is "comparatively easy of collection, and relatively painless," it "exempts necessities," and "has the immense merit of being a revenue-producing tax at all stages of the business cycle."

But the Camden *Courier-Post* holds a different view:

"Any form of taxes, such as general sales and tobacco taxes, or taxes on small incomes now exempt, will add unfairly to the burden of 'the little fellow.'

"Because they will further cut the purchasing power of the great masses and so retard business revival."

Agreeing with that view, the Jacksonville *Journal* maintains that "a sales tax, taking from wage-earners more of what they have to spend, would simply reduce the buying of goods still further, thus piling up more economic trouble."

But economic trouble also will result from increasing the burden of the rich, says the New Haven *Evening Register:*

"Add more taxes to the incomes that still pay high taxes and a condition is reached where they will fail not only to return more money, as a result of higher rates, but will fail to produce as much as at present because of further industrial and financial difficulties that will follow any such foolish policy."

ARGUING for taxation that touches a larger number, the New York *Herald Tribune* asserts that "a vast majority of Americans can clearly afford to share in the support of the Government to a much greater extent than they do, and from any point of view should be made to share the obligation."

Some papers believe that it will be necessary to adopt both increased income taxes and a sales tax.

What might be called the key-note of the comment is exprest thus by the Boston *Post:*

"Whatever chance general business has of recovery must not be stifled with excessive taxation."

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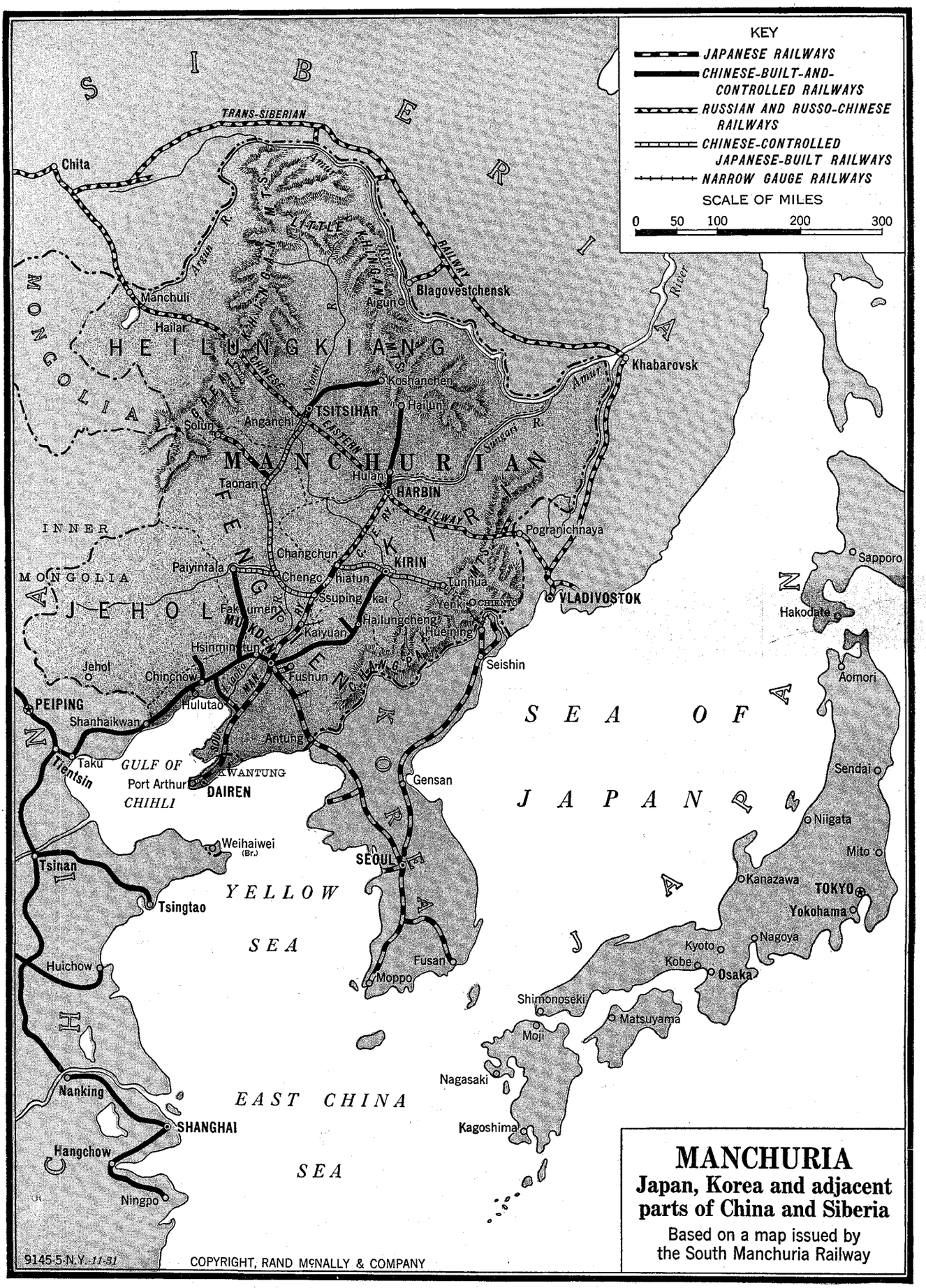

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John Bull's New Tariff Offensive

"HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, SAM?"

Peering over his new high-tariff wall, John Bull flings this question at Uncle Sam. And, according to Mr. Hearst's New York *American*, "Samuel doesn't like it for one single minute."

Like a well-lubricated bolt from Jove, according to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, England's "anti-dumping" tariff act was shot through the Commons and the House of Lords, and became immediately effective—on the day before Thanksgiving!

It places a 50 per cent. ad valorem duty on no less than twenty-three groups of manufactured "luxury" articles—such as typewriters, tires, vacuum-tubes, cutlery, metal furniture, as well as upon lipstick, rouge, and perfumes, pottery, glassware, and sanitary equipment.

It affects our export trade, according to the estimates of the Washington correspondents, merely to the extent of some twelve million dollars a year.

Is this just the first step of a tariff war?

How much will England's farewell to free trade hurt us?

Hands Across the Sea!

—Talburt in the Washington "Daily News."

THESE questions are agitating our daily press. We read that during the past year total American exports to the United Kingdom amounted to approximately $600,000,000; England has been our best European customer; and as a result of the Smoot-Hawley tariff, we have forced some thirty nations on the tariff bandwagon, at great cost to our foreign trade. *The Wall Street Journal's* Washington correspondent warns us:

"While United States trade with Great Britain is little affected by Britain's new 50 per cent. tariff on finished goods pending adoption of rates for the six months' emergency tariff, any obstacle to sales by the United States strikes at the heart of this country's foreign trade.

"Congressional leaders are agreed that London's action will force consideration of tariff matters at the December meeting of Congress."

To Washington correspondents, Senator Reed Smoot of Utah, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and father of the much-disputed Smoot-Hawley tariff law, declares that he has found nothing in the new British schedules which calls for countervailing duties to be levied here. "The new British tariff will affect us a little, but I do not believe a great deal."

"Blatant poppycock!" retorts the Baltimore *Sun*. Mr. Smoot and his fellow "Old Guardsmen," bitterly asserts this independent paper, "have driven this country into the worst tariff mess in its history."

Its indignation is shared by those dailies which are avowed enemies of the Smoot-Hawley tariff.

While the Boston *Globe* views the new British tariff wall with frank consternation, the Boston *Herald* sees some hope in the Imperial Conference to be held in Ottawa next summer, when a system of reciprocal preferences will be worked out. In the meantime, this daily asks, "Will Englishmen be content to do without Yankee tools and return to the use of the articles of excellent quality but—as we think—clumsy manufacture?"

Rail Labor Stands Pat

"WE DON'T THINK WAGES should be cut to pay dividends."

Thus spoke the railroad workers of the country, through David B. Robertson, chairman of the Railway Labor Executives' Association, in rejecting the proposal for a voluntary 10 per cent. reduction in wages.

"We submit," it was added, "that impartial public opinion will support our answer that labor can not be called upon to pay a dole to idle capital.

"We have been asked to contribute, not to the relief of our fellow employees, but to the relief of those who have no claim upon our charity."

Thus the four-day conference in New York with nine rail presidents came to a close, with both sides emphasizing the amicability of the sessions.

As an immediate result of the decision, however, Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio, and chairman of the presidents' committee, served notice that the railroads of the country would act in concert to effect the 10-per-cent. wage cut.

Posting of thirty days' notice of such action is necessary, we read, whereupon these developments may result: a joint conference to seek a settlement, or, if this fails, a board of mediation may be appointed. After thirty days, if this board fails, arbitration may be resorted to, in which case the decisions are legally binding. It also is possible, if arbitration is not adopted, that an emergency board may be named by the President of the United States. Its findings, while not legally binding, we read, would tend to consolidate public opinion behind one side or the other.

The stand of the railroad presidents, as explained by the press, is that a 10-per-cent. wage reduction, for a year or longer, is essential to restore the prosperity of the industry, and that even with this reduction the employee could purchase more than he could with his present pay before the depression. Declaring that "without capital there could be no railroad industry at all," the presidents said that railroad capital is not receiving the "fair return" legally prescribed.

DISAPPOINTING as the refusal to accept a wage cut may be in some quarters, there seems to be no tendency to despair.

"At any rate, the door does not seem to have been closed by the labor leaders," remarks Clinton W. Gilbert, Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, and many papers appear hopeful, if for no other reason than that the conferences, tho futile, were conducted in a friendly spirit.

"It is highly regrettable that the rail-labor union leaders were not wise and brave enough to accept the proposal," thinks the Boston *News Bureau*, a financial paper, which considers that "talk of railway-labor dollar as against railway-capital dollar was largely rhetorical in the way of making a case."

But "will wage-cutting put the unemployed to work?" demands *Labor*. "Wage-cutting lowers buying-power," it declares, and then—"no greater patriotic service can be rendered by American workers in this time of crisis than a firm insistence on high-wage scales."

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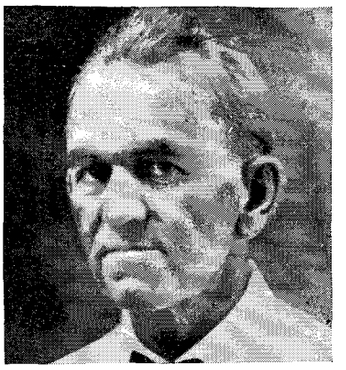

Acme

The Mayor — The Mother — The Prisoner

"Absolute confidence" in Mooney's innocence induced him to jump into the fight, declared Mayor Walker. "He has been a good son to me," said Mrs. Mary Mooney, eighty, pleading with the Mayor to help get him out. "You alone can take me out of these prison walls," declared Tom Mooney in his plea to Mr. Walker to come to California and urge Governor Rolph to grant a pardon.

Principals in Mayor Walker's Dramatic Battle to Have Tom Mooney Freed

Walker's Battle for Mooney

THEY BEGAN SAYING IT WITH BRICKS, as well as with flowers, as soon as "Jimmy" Walker, New York's slim, trim, and jaunty Mayor, announced that he was going to California to plead for Tom Mooney.

"Politics!"

"He ought to stay home to plead for himself."

"Mayor Walker is a hound for publicity."

"Let him clean up his own back yard."

Such harsh statements pursued Mr. Walker all the way to the Pacific coast, and continued after his arrival.

But the other side is equally vociferous. Hearty praise is ladled out by labor leaders, clergymen, liberals, and a large section of the press. Sources which never had a good word for Mayor Walker before are quick to laud him for going to the coast to plead with his friend, Governor Rolph of California, in behalf of "America's most famous prisoner," Tom Mooney.

Thin and old and gray now, Mooney has been in San Quentin prison for fifteen years, serving a life term for murder in the bombing of the San Francisco preparedness parade, a crime of which he was convicted, it is charged, on perjured testimony.

"You and you alone can take me out of these prison walls," Mooney wired Mayor Walker, begging him to come to plead his case, and the Mayor said that "my absolute and complete confidence in Mooney's innocence urges me to answer his call."

But the message which may have had even greater weight with the Mayor, for his eyes filled with tears when he read it, we are told, was the one he received from Mooney's mother:

"Dear Mayor Walker: I am eighty years old; afraid am breaking down at last. They want to take me to a hospital to-morrow. In the name of God and His blessed mother, won't you come out to help my boy? It is my last chance to put my arms around him before I meet my God. He has been a good son to me. If you do this for Tom, you will have my prayers as long as you live."

So the Mayor went.

As a private citizen, a lawyer serving without fee, he set out to try where many others have failed. For a world-wide effort to free Mooney and Warren K. Billings, convicted with him, has come into being, as we are reminded by the Baltimore *Sun* in sketching the history of this case. But Mayor Walker confined his efforts to Mooney, since Billings is ineligible for pardon, we read, because of a previous conviction. Says *The Sun:*

"Arduous labors have been performed by able and devoted people. Plea after plea has been made and rejected. Three Governors of the State of California have been confronted with the masses of data, and been urged to release the men. Fund after fund to carry on the fight has been collected. Evidence of perjury in the trial of the two has been patiently assembled and, at length, firmly established."

But Mooney is still in jail, explains the Camden *Courier-Post*, "because by the laws of California, higher courts can not hear new evidence on appeal."

In California, as well as outside, Mayor Walker is both praised and denounced.

Calling him "a hound for publicity," the Sacramento *Bee* says that if San Francisco's Mayor "were to go back to New York to tell Governor Roosevelt what to do about the Tammany grafters Judge Seabury is uncovering, the impropriety would be great"—

"But would be no greater, if so great, as the impropriety of Mayor Walker's coming to California to tell Governor Rolph what to do about Mooney and Billings."

"The engagement of Mayor Walker," agrees the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "is too plainly for the purpose of a hippodrome."

But another California paper, the San Francisco *News*, declaring that Mooney's conviction "was obtained wholly on perjured testimony," welcomes Mayor Walker "just as we should welcome anything that centers public attention on these cases."

In his own city, *The Evening Post* declares that "Mayor Walker ought to stay here to plead for himself," and it calls his trip "essentially the most impudent of all the impudent ideas that our impudent Mayor has conceived."

"But most people," thinks the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, "will give the Mayor full credit for making a most dramatic humanitarian gesture."

While the New York *Herald Tribune* considers it "a sad commentary on American justice that the freedom of any one should hinge on a 'stunt,'" the Asbury Park *Evening Press* asserts that "so irregular were the proceedings that convicted Mooney that even a vaudeville show is justified in attempting to undo them."

Spokesman for a large number of papers is the Baltimore *Sun:*

"It may be a piece of acting on his part or a dodge out of his own difficulties. It may be an arrogant intrusion to California eyes. But it also may have some effect—no other Mayor of a great city has bluntly said Mooney and Billings ought to be free, and that he will do what he can to help them. And if it is of some avail, it will be a useful act as well as flashy acting. Late tho he may be, and whatever his motives, we wish him luck."

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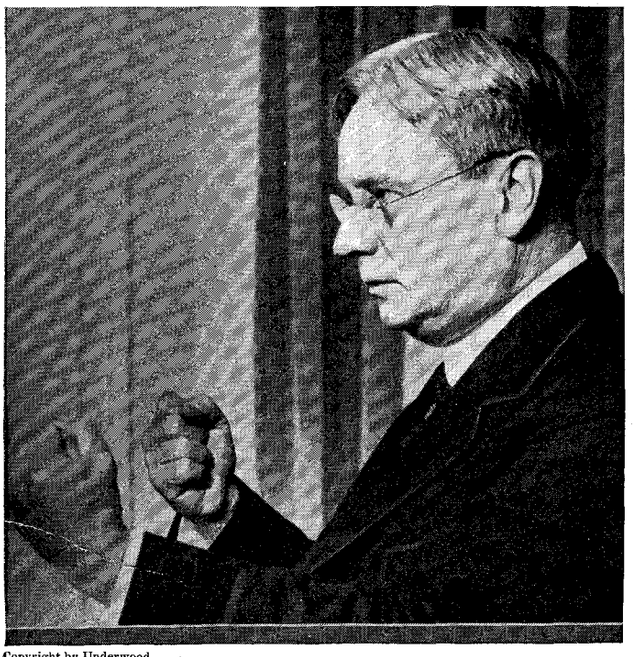
Johnson's Slam at Hoover

"LET ME WRITE THAT DOWN, then I'll stand by it."

For stout, stocky, gray-haired, combative Hiram Johnson gave himself no chance for a later plea of being misunderstood, when he told the reporters in Chicago that President Hoover ought to refuse a renomination for the sake of his party.

The remark brought only silence from the White House. But editors simply can not keep quiet about such a dramatic utterance as was made by the California Senator, who has been a spectacular figure in so many national campaigns.



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He Jabs at Hoover

Hiram Johnson advises the President to refuse renomination for the good of the Republican party.

This is what Mr. Johnson said:

"The decision of Mr. Coolidge not to become a candidate next year entitles him to the highest praise of the American people. If Mr. Hoover were to make a like decision he would have the undying gratitude of the rank and file of the Republican party."

Of course the Senator has more to say. He does not like the Administration's foreign policies, and has declared that he will vote against the Hoover moratorium in the Senate.

THE attitude of a number of newspapers which can not take seriously Senator Johnson's political pronouncements is thus exprest by the New York *Times:*

"Hiram has been sour since 1912.

"He is still quoting Theodore Roosevelt under the impression that he is the heir and sole legitimate representative. These idiosyncrasies, like his wealth of explosive passion, are amusing but unimportant. The nursing of a grievance, the continuance of a vendetta, the spoiling of a career by envy, may sadden the philosopher, but can not affect the political index."

The neat way in which Senator Johnson disposes of Mr. Coolidge while rejecting Mr. Hoover impresses, among others, the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.):

"Who is left in the back of Hiram's head worthy and available for the nomination? A possibility remains in the person of none other than Senator Hiram Johnson himself.

"Dear! dear! The secret is out. And what a revelation!"

"Uncle Hiram is wrong," declares the Philadelphia *Inquirer;* "in this instance his personal hatred of Herbert Hoover largely counts for his attitude." And this Republican daily concludes: "Horses are not changed in the middle of a dangerous stream."

"MR. HOOVER becomes an issue," is, on the other hand, the way the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.) sizes up the significance of the Johnsonian "wisecrack that exploded like a bomb":

"Such talk is heard when an approaching poll of the people promises to mark a turning-point in national policy. It is an open call for a new deal.

"The first echoes come in varied voices.

"Norris of Nebraska, and the California Senator, Johnson, become significant as they now reflect a wide-spread and growing spirit of revolt, apart from their customary standoffishness.

"The Old Guard is less vociferous, but its silence is ominous.

"That the party is in danger of being split wide open is incontestable. Whether the breach can be closed before convention time is debatable. That Hoover leadership marks the line of cleavage is obvious."

Senator Johnson has been subjected in vain to considerable pressure to enter the lists against Mr. Hoover in 1932, reports George R. Holmes of the International News Service:

"Senator Johnson's arrival in Washington was the signal, nevertheless, for a number of powwows between the anti-Administration elements in the party who heartily concur in his theory that Republican fortunes would fare better next year with some one other than Mr. Hoover at the head of the ticket."

But most political observers, Republican and Democratic, continues this correspondent, doubt that this is the nucleus of a real opposition movement to Mr. Hoover's renomination:

"Without militant leadership and intelligent direction it is difficult for political dissatisfaction to make itself effective. And thus far there has appeared on the horizon no leader of the opposition to provide the necessary rallying post.

"The power of any President to renominate himself has become so deeply imprinted upon the practical political mind that it discourages opposition."

Says Hi to Herb

—Knott in the Dallas "News."

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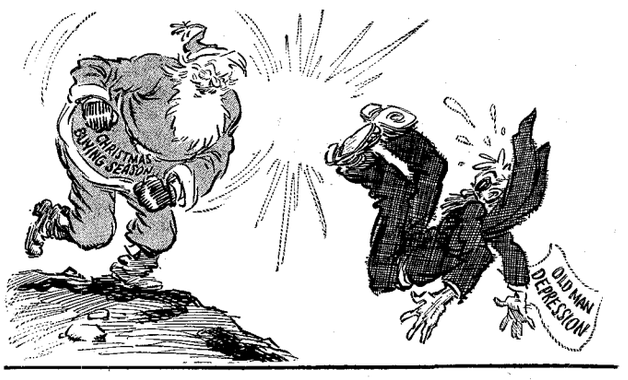
TOPICS IN BRIEF

WHAT business seems to need is the command "Cease firing!" —*Grand Rapids Press.*

THIS will be remembered as the period when economics took us for a ride.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

US Democrats are willing to be non-partizan with Mr. Hoover just like he is on the post-offices.—*Dallas News.*

EXTRAORDINARY yields from the Gotham plum-tree are the result, it appears, of expert grafting.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*



CHINA'S mistake was in not building a great wall along the Manchurian border with plenty of chinks in it.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A GEORGIA Congressman asserts that crime films cause crime. Now we have only to find out what causes crime films.—*San Diego Union.*

INCREASE of the world's money, called inflation, is regarded as a dangerous expedient by all those who have plenty of money. —*Altoona Tribune.*

AT last we know what is wrong with the Economic Structure. All our great financial geniuses are on the New York police force. —*The New Yorker.*

DURING excavations in Italy, three statues were found twenty feet below the surface. We must admit that it seems a splendid idea.—*The Humorist (London).*

THE little noises of business, declares a professor, cost the country $500,000,000. He seems to have no statistics as to how the big noises came out.—*Boston Herald.*

BRAZIL, which has a surplus of coffee, is burning it in locomotives. When they start burning it in airplanes, we'll take the brand that's good to the last drop.—*Detroit News.*

THE wabblemeter is a new device designed to test the physical condition of aviators, but it sounds like an excellent thing to use on candidates for public office.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

JAPAN will not withdraw from Manchuria until it is convinced that the country is capable of self-government. Where have we ever heard that phrase before?—*The New Yorker.*

THE parties, a political sharp writes, are finding it hard to get the key-note of a successful campaign. The key-note of a successful campaign, as you know, is dough.—*Boston Herald.*

WITH everybody walking from door to door trying to sell something, or tramping around on the hunt for a job, it was inevitable that the shoe factories would have to reopen.—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phoenix).*

THE "rotation" plan, by which President Hoover proposes to save money in the Navy Department, should be extended next year, the Democrats think, to the Executive Department, too.— *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

BERNARD SHAW, who predicted Carpentier would whip Dempsey and thinks Soviet Russia a paradise, is now spreading consternation in the ranks of American drys by foreseeing success for Prohibition.—*Detroit News.*

GOVERNMENT aid: Giving part of it back.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

ONCE again Gene Tunney puts it all over Jack Dempsey.— *Springfield Union.*

JAPAN'S chief trouble seems to be a truck complex on an Austin chassis.—*Erie Times.*

DON'T try to beat Wall Street unless you have an extra shirt. —*Florida Times-Union.*

OF course that isn't a real war in China. Neither side has asked Uncle Sam for a loan.—*El Paso Herald.*

ANOTHER lesson learned in adversity is that a tire isn't the only thing you can patch.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

STRANGE ailment is said to be affecting the eyes of wild lions in Africa. Could it be Kleig eyes?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

ANOTHER trouble with the country is that it has too many ex-spenders and too few expenders.—*Louisville Times.*

IT will be worth all it costs if it teaches people that Easy and Wall aren't the same streets.—*Fort Worth Star-Telegram.*

HE makes us gargle, snarl, and sneeze
Who calls it Sino-Japanese.
—*Chicago Daily News.*

IT is a bit complicated, but we gather that Europe will be unable to pay what she owes us unless we cancel the debt.— *Life.*

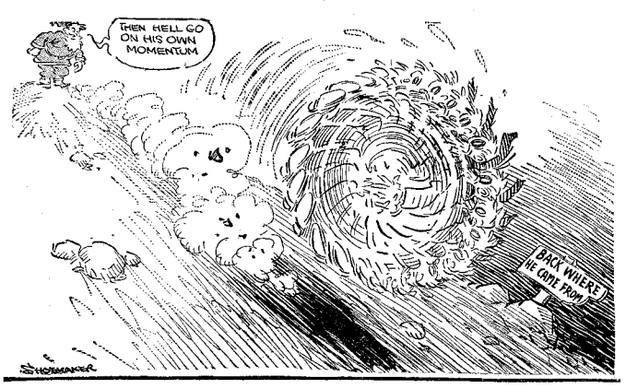
WHEN sales of alarm-clocks pick up again, we shall know that there is no longer any reason for being alarmed.—*Portland Oregonian.*

SCIENTIST who says this is the beginning of the age of refrigeration can get all the proof he needs from commercial assets.— *Arkansas Gazette.*

WE see that bridge, also, has its Four Horsemen. The last group we played with, however, were probably the Three Goatherds.—*Boston Herald.*

ACCORDING to a scientific writer, our jungle ancestors sprang from lions, tigers, and other ferocious beasts. Well, who wouldn't?—*The Humorist.*

THE Columbia *Spectator* says that football is a semiprofessional racket. To disprove this assertion members of the team offer to beat up the editor free of charge.—*The New Yorker.*



It's Just a Matter of Getting Him Started
—Shoemaker in the Chicago "Daily News."

THE Toledo *Blade* says Edison never tried to create perpetual motion. The world, however, is full of perpetual motion. The inventor's chore is to harness it.—*Detroit News.*

"ARE hard-boiled eggs beneficial to a girl just over twenty?" somebody asks a medical-advice column. Well, we should think much would depend on whether she was going to eat them or step out with them.—*Boston Herald.*

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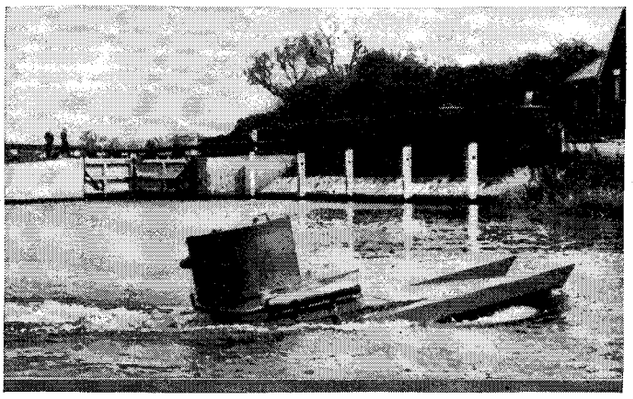
FOREIGN COMMENT

A New British Tank That Swims

A NEW DEADLY ENGINE OF WAR is introduced to the world just as the one-year arms holiday among the nations has been declared, and as the proposed Geneva Disarmament Conference of February, 1932, comes nearer.

It is the amphibious tank, invented by Capt. Liddell Hart of the British Army, and it "swims across rivers and can climb up

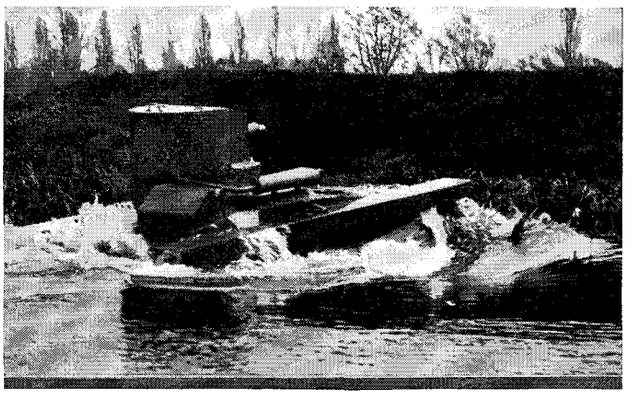


The "Swimming Tank"—New Terror of War—

an enemy bank regardless of repelling fire."

On land this amphibious monster can make more than forty miles an hour, can cross ditches more than a yard in width, and as a mere matter of course can climb slopes of 30 degrees, and even slopes of 45 degrees if not too long.

In the water, notes the Paris *L'Illustration*, the amphibious tank forges ahead, driven by a propeller at the stern and steered by a tiller. Only the machine-gun tower and part of the bridge are visible, and this is said to give the "swimming tank" the appearance of a kind of miniature submarine which offers a target very difficult to hit.



Can Climb a Slope of From 30 to 45 Degrees and—

Then it climbs up on terra firma, mounting the shore anywhere, whether at a steep point or through mud and waterside weeds. From this Paris weekly we learn further:

"The amphibious tank was built by the firm of Vickers-Armstrong on the lines of the most recent model of the lighter British Army tank. The total weight of the new machine is two and one-half tons, and the steel armor with which it is covered is more than one-third of an inch thick and at 150 yards can resist the heaviest machine-gun fire."

The tank long has been called a land battle-ship, says Capt. Liddell Hart, inventor of the amphibion, but in the London *Daily Telegraph* he points out:

"Now we must drop the prefix 'land,' for we have a tank that can fight afloat and ashore.

"This amphibious marvel blots out the vision of bloodstained trenches of Gallipoli, for instead of the hapless infantry trying to wade ashore through barbed-wire entanglements and under a pitiless hail of bullets, these armored reptiles may be belched forth from the stomach of the naval 'whale' to crawl ashore, the bullets spattering harmlessly on their steel scales, and overrun the defenders on the beaches.

"But the amphibious tank also robs the infantry of their best chance hitherto, and the only sure hope they had of shielding themselves from deadly tank attacks.

"If they could find a river as a barrier they could, until now, count upon being immune for a time at least. The water barrier insured a breathing space until the tanks could find an unguarded crossing high up-stream or far down-stream, and come around a wide circuit against their flanks.

"But this hope fades, as the tank now can swim across the river, pelting the defenders on the bank with bullets as it comes, and with no need to wait until a crossing has been forced at heavy cost by cruelly exposed infantry, and bridges have been built."

AMONG other authoritative opinions cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST is that of the military expert of the London *Times:*

"Amphibious tanks often have been suggested as the ideal answer to certain tactical problems which became more difficult with the development of modern weapons. Early attempts to produce it were unsuccessful, but now apparently it has arrived. What does all this mean?

"Some one has said that we must rewrite all of our text-books of strategy and tactics. This may be an overstatement, but it indicates in how many ways the new weapon may affect actions in which not only tanks but also the older arms of the service are engaged.

"At present deep water is an absolute obstacle to tanks. To cross it they are dependent upon preliminary action of the older arms that, without the protection of armor, must seize bridgeheads and provide means of crossing—a slow and difficult task in the face of machine-gun fire. The amphibious tank should be able to clear bridgeheads rapidly and exploit whatever elements of surprize there may be.

"Also a retreating Army always has feared the passage of a river-line. The rear-guard with amphibious tanks holding the enemy until all troops have crossed and the bridges have been blown up will materially alter conditions. The importance of water obstacles in recent years has greatly increased the results from modern armament and equipment. Attention consequently was focused on the one hand on demolition schemes, and on the other hand, on bridging and similar equipment.

"The amphibious tank is a new and disturbing element in these problems, both from the view-point of attack and defense."

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Can Do Better than 40 Miles an Hour on Land

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Germany's 100,000 on Fighting Edge

GERMANY HAS NO ARMY.

But she has the Reichswehr.

That she is allowed by the Treaty of Versailles, and the 100,000 men who make up the Reichswehr are trained with a religious rigor of military discipline.

Not much is known about these 100,000 fighters outside Germany. Not a great deal within German boundaries, but now appears a Reichswehr soldier to tell us how the 100,000 live.

In their stations, which were formerly called garrisons, he confides to us, in the Berlin *Woche*, they are well known. But is anything known about them in cities where there is no National Defense or Reichswehr? Like all Germany, "our sorrowful existence," he says, is weighed down by the black shadow of the Treaty of Versailles, and this Reichswehr narrator continues:

"We have but 100,000, but we have them. We have no forts, no heavy guns, no tanks, no airplanes—but we have men.

"In the German Reichswehr a company is no longer a company of soldiers, but a number of professional soldiers, individual fighters.

"Formerly, only the officers and non-commissioned officers were professional soldiers. The troops were trained for two years, and then they returned to civil life and were replaced by others.

"To-day, the soldier enlists for twelve years. To-day, each of the 100,000 replaces six men of the old Army. He must replace them. Iron will and energy have brought that about during the past years—under the compulsion of the Versailles Treaty. Need is inventive.

"It is no longer the day when quantity and quality can produce results. Quality alone remains. It means the increase of accomplishment, the perfecting of the individual.

"That which we formerly called drill is now replaced by selection, survival in training and education. Out of each eight to ten physically fit—and the physical examination is very rigid—only one is taken into the Reichswehr.

"The soldier's physical fitness is determined by military physicians, his mental fitness by examinations. Officers must pledge themselves to twenty-five years of duty, the privates and non-coms to twelve years. Candidates to be officers must serve for four and a half years, and then pass two very strict examinations before they are elected.

"The private lives for twelve years in his regiment, often in the same company for that length of time.

"When he returns to civil life, his future is assured. Not only because the State will take care of him, but because of himself. He is wholly a man."

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"We Have Men"

And 100,000 of them, but without forts, heavy guns, tanks or airplanes, says a soldier of the German Reichswehr, which undergoes twelve years' training, "weighed down by the black shadow of the Treaty of Versailles."

The soldier's life is no longer as jolly and carefree as it once was, we are told then, for the individual has too much responsibility. But in spite of this, in spite of the much greater demands made on him, physically and mentally, this "middle-being" between a soldier and an officer still can sing when on the march: "Oh, what fun, to be a soldier!"

WHEN he enlists at nineteen or twenty the private says farewell to civilian life for twelve long years. He puts on the somber field-gray uniform, but he may temporarily discard it for "civvies" after hours, and this Reichswehr informant proceeds:

"His training is long and difficult. His first duty is to learn to be a 'soldier.' He is assigned to a recruit troop for six months, where he learns the rudiments of his chosen profession, the rules of garrison life, physical training, and the use of weapons. Having mastered all this, he goes over to the field troops. After from three to four years here he may enter the non-commissioned officers' class.

"The German soldier receives a salary just as the officials of the State. Housing and clothing are free, but he must pay taxes. His food, partaken in the garrison, is paid for out of his salary.

"The garrisons or stations are quite different from those in former times. The rooms accommodate but six men. Each room is divided by closets into a living-room and a bedroom. The bunks are no longer one on top of the other. The windows are hung with curtains. Each man has two closets for his own use.

"Most of the barracks have dining-rooms for the privates and non-coms, altho in some they eat in their own rooms. In most of the dining-rooms the soldiers are waited upon by their comrades."

ONE big difference in the Reichswehr soldier's life, this recruit points out, is that each article of food is cooked separately and not jumbled together in one pot as it used to be. Each day the Reichswehr men have soup, meat, potatoes, and green vegetables. On two days of the week a warm meal is served also at night, and we read:

"Much attention is paid these days to the quality of the food. There are annual training courses—under the supervision of physicians—for those soldiers destined to be cooks, in which much talk is made of vitamins.

"There are reading-rooms with a good selection of books, magazines, and newspapers. Each troop division has its own moving-picture theater in which are shown, not necessarily operettas and comedies, but educational and scientific films.

"An innovation of importance is that special accomplishments are individually rewarded. There are many competitions in all branches. It goes without saying that particular attention is paid to sport and all its activities."

AT the end of each day, the soldier may do as he pleases. Such is the confidence of the leaders in their men, it is said, that after a certain period of service the soldiers have unlimited liberty at night. This shows plainly the caliber of the troops, but—

"It is another matter, however, whether the average soldier has time to go in to town at night. He must study. He has his home work to do for the next day.

"After the sixth year of service, each soldier, in addition to his military training, is taught along the lines of his future civilian profession.

"In the afternoons, he is instructed in the kind of work which he has chosen. After twelve years, when taking leave of his comrades, he must not only be a perfect soldier, but a perfect workman as well.

"At the expiration of his time of service, the soldier is assured employment by the State.

"There are branches of instruction, four in number, covering the various professions and trades: administration and economics, trades and crafts, farming and forestry. Those who do not wish to enter into the service of the State receive a sum of money upon their discharge, usually from eight to nine thousand marks (that is, about $2,000 to $2,250). But the Reichswehr continues to help the soldier.

"It sees that his money is safely invested so that it may profit him in building up his future."

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Is Red Russia Deep "In the Red"?

"SOVIET RUSSIA STANDS on the verge of bankruptcy."

This assertion is made by various anti-Soviet publicists, who claim they can prove it.

The world-crisis has greatly embarrassed capitalist countries, but these anti-Soviet critics claim that it has dealt an even worse blow to the Soviet Union. The prices of all raw materials exported by the Soviets has fallen so low as to take the heart out of Soviet exporters.

At the same time, they argue, the Soviet Government faces the necessity of making good on vast credits granted by foreign banks and business corporations for Soviet purchases of machinery and industrial equipment.

The financial position of the Soviet Government is surveyed in *Possliedniya Novosti*, an anti-Soviet Democratic Russian daily of Paris, by A. Baikalov, a Russian financier, who says:

"According to the statement of the Soviet State Bank published on September 1, 1931, this bank had on that date the following reserves:

	Rubles
Gold	544,158,550
Other precious metals	23,465,380
Foreign currencies	50,167,800
Notes in foreign currencies	2,884,200
Total	620,675,930

"These reserves serve to cover a paper-money circulation amounting to more than 4,900,000,000 rubles. And, as one may judge from these figures, Soviet paper money is now protected with these reserves only up to 13 per cent., instead of being protected up to 25 per cent.—the minimum required by Soviet laws.

"It is obvious that the exportation of these reserves from Russia with the object of meeting the foreign payments would precipitate a fall in the tchervonetz ruble, as happened in 1923. Soviet currency is badly inflated already.

"Moreover, it is known that out of these reserves at least 100,000,000 gold rubles were shipped in July and August of this year from Moscow to Berlin as security for the most urgent payments. How can the Soviet Government pay its debts?"

LET us consider now a Soviet statement of Soviet Russia's financial case. *Isviestia*, official organ of the Soviet Government in Moscow, avers that if one analyzes carefully the spreading by bourgeois journals throughout the world of rumors that the Soviet Union intends to stop payment on its foreign promissory notes, two motives will be found behind the reports, and *Isviestia* proceeds:

"First of all, it has been prompted by the desire of the capitalist elements to divert the attention of the world proletariat from our achievements and to make it believe that the Soviet Union also is in the throes of the economic crisis.

"In the second place, two groups of people are carrying on this campaign of rumors. By talking of our financial embarrassments, one group is trying to dissuade foreign capitalists from accepting further orders from the Soviet Union. This group comprises some American business men, who, having succeeded, through their anti-Soviet campaign, in diminishing the volume of business done by us with America, now want to scare European capitalists and thus to prevent us from placing in Europe the orders which we did not place in America.

"It comprises, too, certain firms doing business with Soviet Russia which, through the circulation of these rumors, are trying to prevent us from entering into business relations with other foreign firms—their competitors—in order thus to maintain—in spite of the world-wide fall in prices—the high rates at which they are selling their goods to us. The second group of people responsible for these rumors are our old acquaintances—the counter-revolutionary advocates of a 'crusade' against the Soviet Union.

"The calumnies about the economic crisis in the Soviet Union and about the Soviet Union's insolvency will be refuted by facts."

All China Awakening

AH-SAN, RICKSHA MAN for Paul K. Whang in Shanghai, keeps his "boss" busy answering weighty questions as he pulls the ricksha about. He is curious about the League of Nations, the Kellogg pact, and other diplomatic factors that Ah-San could not be expected to understand.

Then to Mr. Whang's astonishment, his ricksha man one day displayed unexpected familiarity with the Manchurian situation. This knowledge he could not have got from the newspapers, because, as Mr. Whang tells us in the *China Weekly Review* (Shanghai), Ah-San "can not even read his master's name."

But while Mr. Whang is busy in his office, Ah-San spends his waiting time among a crowd of chauffeurs and private ricksha men who, instead of playing their usual card and dice games while their masters are away at business, noisily and endlessly discuss the Manchurian question.

This is only one symptom that China's proletariat is at last awakening, says Mr. Whang. He advises us that the labor masses are reading vernacular newspapers about Manchuria and running their circulation up into big figures.

From what he has observed personally in city and in country, coupled with what he has read in Chinese newspapers, Mr. Whang is convinced that the "spirit of the people" is not lacking among laborers, peasants, and soldiers, the three classes constituting the proletarians of Chinese population.

China can not be saved from the danger of foreign aggrandizement, he notes, unless her people can cultivate a spirit that will make them conscious of their duty to serve their country. Looking at the entirely new phenomenon of all China awakening, he judges it to be the result of popular movements and agitations of the past decade.

THE first students' movement in 1919, Mr. Whang goes on to say, successfully ousted three "traitors" from the Cabinet of the defunct Peking Government. Stimulated by this success, the students also cooperated with the business men to fight for the return of Shantung at the Peace Conference of Versailles in 1919 and at the Washington Conference in 1921, and he adds:

"The proletarians, however, did not participate in the earlier movements, but labor agitations already became frequent. The success of the Nationalist force was partially due to the sympathetic activities of the working people, who in many instances served as the vanguards of the Nationalist Army.

"With the establishment of the National Government, the status of the labor and peasant unions has been legally recognized, and legislation has been passed to ameliorate the lot of the working people. In the last People's Conference, the laborers had their own delegates to participate in the drafting of the national constitution.

"We must acknowledge that at present only the people of the provinces along the Yangtze River and the coast have shown this spirit, while the people in the inland provinces may still look at the present crisis with no concern. It is true that the cultivation of this spirit among the people all over the country must necessarily be a slow development in view of the lack of popular education which will reduce the percentage of illiteracy among the population, and the lack of transportation and communication facilities which can bring the inhabitants of the remote provinces into close contact with those of more progressive provinces. But in spite of these barriers, the development has been very much quickened by the frequent sword-flourishing of our neighboring Empire.

"In the present crisis, we have already noticed the vast improvement in the spirit of our people in comparison with that of 1915, so that we have good reasons to thank Japan for her aggressive policy, which has always served as a stimulus to awaken our people. In view of the past improvement, I dare predict that the day is not far off when the spirit of our people will be developed into a full state.

"When that time comes, the Chinese people, bourgeoisie and proletarians, will conscientiously rise up to build up a popular government which will teach a good lesson to their naughty child for his past misdeeds."

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The Operatic Bagpiper

TO FIND A BAGPIPE DOING SERVICE in a German opera makes some of the critics sit up and rub their eyes. There is a further complication in "Schwanda," the new opera at the Metropolitan, New York, for the chief character who sets the peasants dancing to the "skirl" of his bagpipe makes the listener travel from *Orpheus*, who set the world dancing, and even affected the denizens of the underworld, all the way through Scotland to Ireland, where like performances were effected.

Deems Taylor of the New York *American* warns that "if you go to 'Schwanda' expecting to see and hear something like 'Die Meistersinger,' you will be disappointed. If you go ready to take it not too critically, for what it is, you will have a grand time."

So Mr. Henderson of *The Sun* puts aside his wonderment as to "just where the bagpipe crept into the tale," and gives us the story after asserting that it has "not the ghost of a resemblance to anything Irish."

"So take it for what it is worth. *Babinsky*, a benevolent robber (robs the rich to help the poor), desires *Dorota*, the wife of *Schwanda*, a peasant, whose bagpipes possess the magic power to make every one dance and be gay.

"To conjure the peasant away the robber persuades him to go to the court of the ice queen in search of fame and wealth. So we come to a hall of cubist icicles, a queen who doesn't like being perennially frostbitten, and a cold-storage ballet.

"The queen melts under *Schwanda's* music and falls into his arms. The sorcerer, who had the the queen in his power, has the wit to bring the peasant's wife. The now enraged queen orders the perfidious *Schwanda* to be executed.

"But as the headsman is about to decapitate the wretched piper in the great square *Babinsky* exchanges the ax for a broom.

"In the moment of confusion the robber restores the bagpipes, which had disappeared, and bids *Schwanda* play for dear life. The queen and her people dance out through the gate, and *Babinsky* locks it.

"*Dorota* reproaches *Schwanda* for his infidelity, and he says if he even gave the queen one little kiss may the devil take him. Which that personage promptly does.

"In the next scene we find *Schwanda* in hell with a devil who has to play solitaire because no one will play with him on account of his devilish habit of always winning.

"*Babinsky* arrives in the infernal regions, is received as a distinguished visitor, plays with the devil, and outwits him, thereby rescuing *Schwanda*, who in the brief final scene is restored to his faithful *Dorota*.

"*Babinsky* abandons the pursuit and goes off to the forest to resume his trade as a benevolent robber."

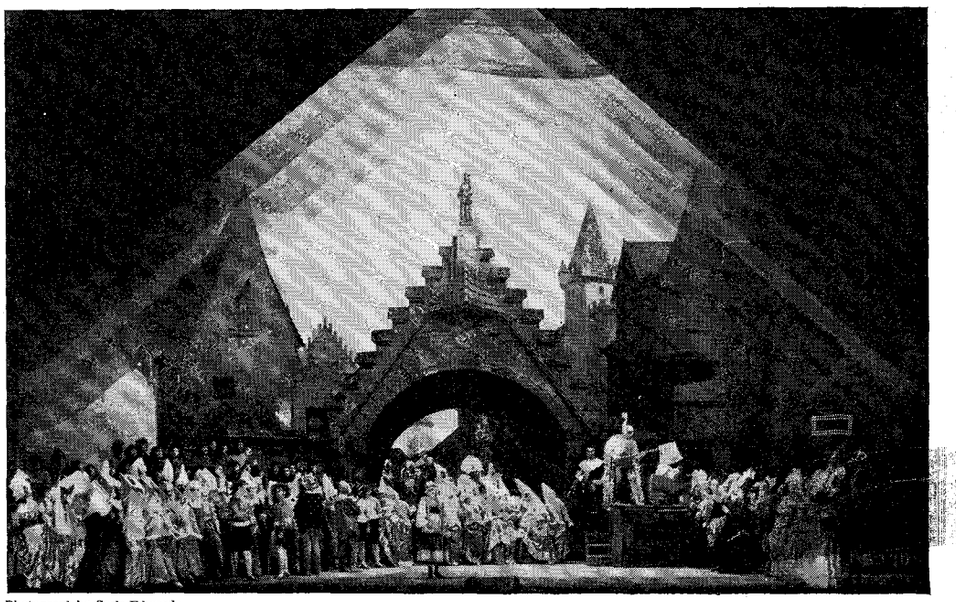
MR. HENDERSON detects some moral lessons in the work, which may account for its popularity in Europe, where it is said to have been performed two hundred times:

"If you are an impoverished tiller of the soil, stay at home with your good wife, geese, and pigs, and don't seek relief from a female farm-relief board.

"Don't gamble with the devil unless you are a cleverer thief than he is. And if you are a *Dudelsack* virtuoso of the first rank, and can make all the world dance, don't try to be a multi-millionaire.

"Even the devil could not play the pipes. In the opera he tries and produces modernist music of the most polytonal kind. Every man to his own trade. We perceive that it is not true that the devil has all the good tunes. His music sounded like—the place he lived in."

The critic turns to discourse on the music:



Photograph by Carlo Edwards

"Schwanda's" Most Critical Moment

As the ax is about to fall it is turned into a broomstick. "Schwanda" plays his pipes and the executioner and the court dance away.

"The musical plan of the opera is one which has survived many trials. The principal melodies are in the style of German folk music, or the slightly more pretentious popular song derived from it. These are joined by connecting stretches of recitative, generally dull and heavy footed.

"Some of the songs, in their striving for the folk utterance and the response of the undying youth within us, sound like 'improving songs for anxious children.'

"On the other hand, several of the vocal numbers are most engaging in their melodic suavity and their suitability to the scene. The farm song of *Dorota*, heard more than once, is a bit of genuine music of the soil. *Babinsky's* solo in the first scene is pleasing. *Schwanda's* solo in the infernal regions rises to a high level. The trio near the end of the trial scene is full of rhythmic snap, and is catching.

"The music which *Schwanda* produces to make ice-people and subterranean broilers dance is as jolly as you like.

"There is an instrumental prelude of overgenerous dimensions, but of rich texture and melodic character. In this number there is some very good contrapuntal writing, and indeed throughout the orchestral parts of the work, Weinberger tosses off fugato and free counterpoint with an apparent insouciance which betokens a genuine mastery of technique.

"Between the scenes are orchestral interludes which will give pleasure to all music lovers who are willing to forego conversation. A waltz in one of them suggests the festivities of rather tall and portly peasants after a superabundant dinner. There is a dirge before the execution scene quite worthy of the most solemn grand opera.

"To sum up, 'Schwanda,' altho of Czech parentage, has a strong German flavor. It is German in manner and method of expression, tho one often hears the voice of Smetana. The score is the creation of a sound musician.

"The more popular pages will undoubtedly be received with applause at every repetition. It is possible that the long stretches

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of dry recitative will be dusty going for audiences who do not know German well enough to follow the dialog. The inferno scene, which ought to be funnier, is too long and heavy.

"But 'Schwanda' is generally good theater, is a good spectacle, has bright and communicative spirit, and some tunes that will perhaps linger in the white light of Broadway.

"Except in the recitatives, the whole score is written with an *élan*, an unction, and a gaiety of mood altogether felicitous.

"The fact that scholarship and technical mastery are found on almost every page will not force itself upon the attention of the typical opera-goer. Nor will it disturb the peace of the analytical mind, for Weinberger's juggling of counterpoint and orchestration is all done with a satirical smile."

The Way of a Novelist

MISS EDNA FERBER appears to be collecting enemies. It can not be forgotten that recently her interview on American youth brought forth protests from many young and not a few old.

Now she has put Brookfield, Connecticut, into her latest novel, "American Beauty," and a whole hornets' nest is stirred up there.

Not since "Cape Cod Folks" raised a storm in Massachusetts, perhaps, has New England so "sot up against" a novel.

"Nearly everybody in Brookfield," says George C. Haig in the Boston *Transcript*, "is ready with some opinion."

The trouble began when, according to Mr. Haig, the novelist "made several flying trips to Brookfield and Danbury," in 1930, to gather her materials, and the appearance of the book has made matters worse.

William Allen White, as far away as Kansas, may compliment the writer on her truthful pictures of the American scene, but Brookfieldians know better.

Take a brief scene from the novel as a specimen not likely to placate the sensibilities of old New Englanders:

"'Were you fond of Great-aunt Charry Minot?' Temmie now asked.

"'Fond of her! I haven't seen her in twenty years and over. A more spiteful, cantankerous old woman never breathed, and stayed so to the very end.'

"'Oh. But, then, why do you go to her funeral?'

"'There! Did a body ever hear anything so uncivilized! It just shows what your bringing up must have been. When an Oakes kin dies, you go to the funeral, I hope. The last respect you can show.' Jude turned from Tamar's bewildered face to Big Bella's placid one. 'I know for a fact she had a tidy bit put by, what with never spending a penny, year in, year out, and living on Phebe, tho it's well known Uncle Manasseh left her comfortable, and if Phebe Minot thinks she can keep those four silver candlesticks from me, when every one knows they belonged to Oakes House in the beginning, as I can prove from Captain Orrange's will that that miserable Peter Leere sold before my time, and it's now in the library at Stonefield.'"

MR. HAIG shows what Brookfield is saying:

"'We wouldn't want people outside to think,' declared an elderly spinster who speaks for the old families of the town, 'that we are all thin-skinned in Brookfield, but really, the things Miss Ferber says about us after identifying the locality so that there is no mistaking it are in poor taste, to say the least. And we feel that she has misinterpreted our history and Connecticut history.'

"George Waidelich, town clerk, postmaster, correspondent for a near-by city daily, and a participator in all village activities, looks upon the quarrel with a good deal of tolerance, but he, too, can be made to express some rather definite opinions on Miss Ferber's disregard of facts.

"'Why, look here,' he said the other day, 'here's an illustration. Miss Ferber gives the impression in her novel that every farmer in Brookfield is a Pole, doesn't she? All right, look at this tax list. Brookfield has 341 resident taxpayers. I counted up, the other day, to see just how many Polish names there are. There are less than fifty, and five family names account for nearly all of them.

"'There are some Swedes, and a few French Canadians, but there are more Yankees on that list than anything else. And there are 130-odd non-resident taxpayers who certainly aren't Poles.'"

PROBABLY "the person most wrought up," we are told, "is Miss Isobel Foster, owner of the big brick house which is generally conceded to be the original of Miss Ferber's *Oakes* mansion." And can one wonder?

"Miss Foster is a lady of wide attainments and liberal education. She is a graduate of Vassar, and has taught in many select schools. She owns a farm in Brookfield in addition to the house, but has never pretended to know very much about agriculture.

"It is obvious that Miss Foster was incensed from the first by Miss Ferber's brusk and businesslike manner of asking questions, looking at things, and getting information. Miss Foster was used to more deliberate and, perhaps, Victorian manners.

"Then Miss Ferber was insistent upon going up-stairs, and Miss Foster was equally insistent that she should not. Miss Ferber did not go up.

"Finally, Miss Foster says that Miss Ferber had no right to put in a book, even a novel, some of the things which she told about her family. And one may guess, in addition, that Miss Foster has more than a suspicion that she suggested to Miss Ferber's vivid imagination the character of *Jude Oakes* in the novel, a harsh, domineering New England old maid."

THE Poles are not flattered either, "even if they are given credit for owning the whole countryside":

"Miss Ferber makes them gross, coarse, greedy, unlettered. They aren't those things. Take the Piscura boy and his bride, whose wedding in Danbury Miss Ferber was allowed to attend, and which she describes in her book. Or take Ondy himself. There is an Ondia in the flesh who is said to have furnished much of the material for the fabrication of Miss Ferber's *Ondia Olznack*. Ondia's surname is Osif, and he is Hungarian. He has been in Brookfield for forty years, and has at one time owned as many as four farms at once. Now he owns two. One he bought for thirty-five dollars, according to Mary Alden Hopkins, who told all about Ondy in *The Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1922. Ondy doesn't remember.

"But he will talk to you about how poor the farming is, how he detests the land, how he almost went back to Hungary except that his mother died, about what a good scout King Francis Joseph was.

"You can interview him, take his picture, or measure his skull. He doesn't mind; he is the gentlest, sunniest soul you can find, lacking all of the unpleasant characteristics imputed to the character in the novel. You can't imagine Ondy beating his son or mistreating a wife.

"Unhappily, he does not remember the occasion of Miss Ferber's visit; he knows so many summer people, and they are always bringing friends to talk to him. Mary Alden Hopkins lived near Ondy and all his Polish relatives and friends on Longmeadow Ridge, and was kindly and sympathetic.

"It is said in the village that Miss Ferber called upon her for help in meeting and seeing the Polish people, that she declined to promise to be friendly to them, and so got no help from Mary Alden Hopkins. But there are so many stories in the village.

"The thing in the novel most objected to is the marriage of *Temmie Oakes*, daughter of many generations of New Englanders, to *Ondy*, the Pole. To judge from the shrinking manner in which this topic is handled by the older ladies of the village, one guesses that it is the unspeakable sin. Nobody is able to remember a case in actual life. Everybody seems to feel that it would not happen.

"Next to that, the village objects to the very definite implication that the Yankee farmers, and all the Yankees, for that matter, have gone to seed. Says Miss Ferber: 'Now, more and more, into this unvital region with its manless households, came these Poles, eager, humble, worshiping the dirt they plowed, the furrows into which they sowed the seed. . . . Far, far too heady a draft for the digestion of this timorous New England remnant of a dying people.'

"Those are strong words, and the people of Brookfield naturally object to their use, even in a novel. More than that, they are not true words. New Englanders as a people have never been timorous; they have been exactly the opposite in

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business, commerce, and war. Neither was the New England group of Americans a dying people in 1890 or any other time.

"It is only too true that many sons and daughters of New England left the section. Some went to the West, where they could get better land; many went to the city. But not unvital, nor bloodless.

"Brookfield thinks that as long as Miss Ferber is writing about Connecticut she ought to regard the facts, whether her story is fiction or not.

"If she wanted to write fiction she should not have used any real names, her critics declare.

"To take conditions or people and change them just enough so that they can not be legally identified as the original, and then to add many things not so, strikes everybody in Brookfield as being unfortunate."

Telling London About Our Stage

COMEDIES in which American women are shown as "pleasure-loving, selfish, hard-hearted, soft-headed, scatter-dollar creatures abound."

Such is a summary of our stage as viewed by Sydney W. Carroll of *The Daily Telegraph* (London), after two weeks of theatergoing in New York in the early autumn.

Mr. Carroll is telling his London constituency, and when dealing with the same theme in the New York *Evening Post*, observed that the American woman is maligned by our writers of plays, who present her as a "hard, shallow, sexy, selfish, spoilt flitterling."

He goes on:

"Sex-ridden, sordid stuff exists in plenty, but sober, serious, straightforward dramatic effort is hard to come by. Why, I can not say.

"Local people put all the present stage evils down to Hollywood. The films have robbed the legitimate stage, so they say, of the best actors and actresses, of all the promising playwrights, and the best stage directors.

"Brains, beauty, and talent have all fled, or been lured to California. I really must go there and see for myself."

Two plays he deals with that have been seen on both the London and New York stages. And as the patrons of both are among the many thousands, the contrasts noted here will be read with interest:

"I saw here the night before its temporary withdrawal on vacation for a month, 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street,' and the comparison I was able to make between the American and English productions proved to be one of the most remarkable and curious I have ever encountered in the theater.

"Altho the text of the play in each country seemed to my memory practically the same, with a few minor omissions or alterations, the general effect obtained by the direction was completely changed.

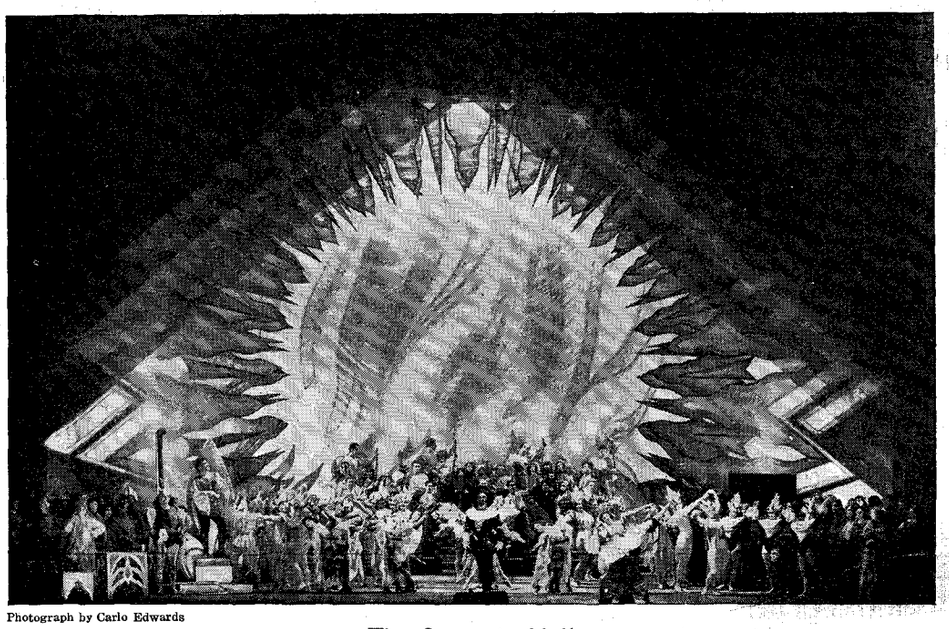
"The English direction secured the domination of the story by the old man *Moulton Barrett* at the expense of the love story of *Browning* and *Elizabeth*.

"In New York, the romantic and charming attachment between the two poets stood out so clearly and enchantingly as to make the parental tyranny incidental instead of supreme. The setting of the scene was more sympathetic and less cold, and added to the fervor and felicity of the lovers' scenes.

"As for Brian Aherne, the young English actor who played *Browning*, words fail me in expressing my admiration for the rushing impulsiveness, the manly sincerity, the easy persuasiveness of his impersonation. Here was a *Browning* one could believe in, a poet one could accept as capable of great conception, a man whose virility was unmistakable.

"The art of Katherine Cornell is Latin almost in its finesse and delicate subtlety. Distinguished and elegant throughout, the actress suggests, perhaps, a shade more vitality at the commencement than is compatible with the narrative, but this makes her recovery through love in consequence a bit more credible.

"Her wan sickliness, her pathetic hopelessness about herself, suggest a mood assumed rather than natural, and when health asserts itself we are more reconciled to the truth of the tale. Mr. Guthrie McClintic, the producer, has a skill in direction admirable for the severest critic to contemplate."



Photograph by Carlo Edwards

The Scene in Hell

Where "Schwanda" even charms the denizens of the nether regions.

THE other, "Grand Hotel," has enjoyed a year of favor in New York, but the London public, who were satisfied with a much shorter tenure were, to his mind, better served:

"I wish that I could speak as favorably for the New York production of 'Grand Hotel.' This does not equal the London performance in acting, staging, and direction. This piece has made a huge hit in New York, but the *Kringelein*, the *Preysing*, the *Flæmmchen*, and even the *Grusinskaia* lost in intelligence, sincerity, and naturalness of interpretation compared with their counterparts in London.

"The Russian dancer is another of those time-honored cases of lost ambition and physical energy restored by new love, and while Eugenie Leontovitch, who plays the rôle here, is singularly interesting and appropriately languid and arresting in her charm, her artistry seemed to me at fault and too prolonged in its monotonous straining after a tired soul.

"I missed the sudden rejuvenescence necessary to the situation. On the other hand, the *Baron von Gaigern* gave me an impression of impoverished nobility descending to crime, quite touching in its reality."

The Cover

THERE may have been a romance in the painter's mind in conceiving the picture on the cover of Daniel Boone's gift of a Christmas turkey. But Mr. Ferris did not leave behind him his customary note on the picture, and we hesitate to invent a story for him.

Daniel Boone's history is well known, and romance is scarcely outside the experience even of hardy frontiersmen. The turkey will be appreciated at this season, and cheerful anticipation can be read in the faces of the actors here participating.

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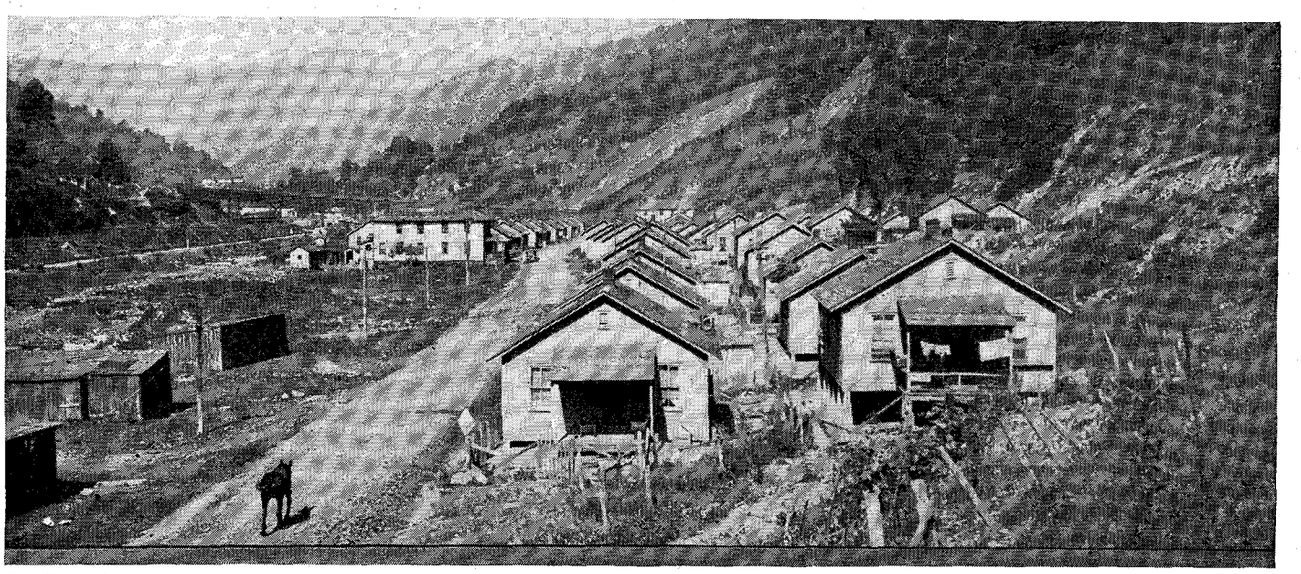

Wide World photograph

Here Beauty and Poverty Reside Together

The photograph shows a coal-mining camp nestling among the beautiful hills of Harlan County, Kentucky, lately the scene of violence and murder. More than a hundred men are said to have been killed in the outbreaks.

Why Blood Flows in Harlan

THE RIFLE RATHER THAN THE PICK, it is generally admitted, has characterized recent operations in the coal-mining district of Kentucky.

Stories of murder, ambush, dynamiting, looting, beggary, and starvation have issued daily from the scene and brought crusaders to their feet.

But it is a question of who fired the first shot, and of whether the operators or the miners, or conditions where both are helpless, are responsible for the outbreak that makes Harlan County appear to the rest of the country like a sector on the Manchurian front.

It is the question of war-guilt localized.

Theodore Dreiser, novelist by profession and crusader by avocation, puts all the blame on the operators and the law. As reported in THE LITERARY DIGEST, November 28, he and a number of others visited the scene to investigate conditions in the name of the National Committee for the Protection of Political Prisoners. They reported murder and starvation, but no one indicted unless it was a miner charged with pulling the trigger.

But in an interview with Herndon Evans, publisher and editor of the Pineville *Sun*, Mr. Dreiser is reported admitting that he subscribes to the principles of Communism, but is not a Communist, because the Communists won't have him.

After the investigating committee left Pineville, it will be recalled, Mr. Dreiser and a companion were indicted on a charge of adultery, and later the whole party was indicted on a charge of criminal syndicalism.

The real issue was in danger of becoming beclouded in a smoke-screen raised between New York and Kentucky.

WHAT the country wishes to know, comments the Lynchburg *News*, bringing us sharply to attention, "is not about the morals of Mr. Dreiser, but about conditions in the mining sections of Kentucky. What the people of those communities ought to wish the country to know is not that Dreiser is an adulterer, even should it be true that he is, but that their people have not been guilty of the crimes with which they stand charged."

A Kentuckian, Almon O. Stevens, Moderator of the Kentucky Congregational Conference, gives us a report on his investigation of the situation. Looking at it through his eyes, it seems that the bloody disorder is born of a demoralized coal market and native quickness on the trigger, and nursed by Communism.

Writing to *The Congregationalist and Herald of Gospel Liberty*, Mr. Stevens says he has visited the scene of strife, talked with the pastor of the Congregationalist Church in Evarts, and with others who were eye-witnesses of a series of tragedies. He says that during the past eighteen months most of the mines have reduced wages, which was accompanied, in the case of the local company at least, by corresponding reduction in house rent, prices at company stores, fuel, etc. He thinks that the reduction worked rather to the benefit than the harm of the miners, since it enabled the operators to sell coal at a lower price, and consequently to operate the mines more days in the week. In Harlan County the reduction in wages was more drastic, and labor disturbance followed.

QUITE likely this disturbance was inevitable, writes Mr. Stevens, but he believes it "doubtless would have yielded to adjustment had it been left to the companies, the miners, and local officials." But, he goes on:

"From the very outset of these disturbances the trouble was aggravated by persons who came in from without.

"It is generally believed, not only by the mine officials and the county officials, but by the disinterested public, that these persons who came from without were paid emissaries of Communist organizations, who had come not to advance the cause of labor but to take advantage of a delicate situation for their own purposes, and that these purposes were not good.

"It is asserted—I judge credibly—that documentary proof of this connection with the Communist organization was discovered, and would have come out in court had certain persons stood trial.

"The people in these mountain regions are turbulent; nearly all carry arms, are quick with their guns, and are easily led—especially if their prejudices are appealed to.

"Peace officers in the Kentucky mountains are always in danger. I judge that of those who serve for a considerable period of time, the majority die violent deaths.

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"Peace officers, in such a situation, are not likely to wait for the other person to shoot first.

"The mines, at the outbreak of trouble, were protected by hired mine guards. I presume the men employed as guards were the kind who would undertake such dangerous work; men quick with the gun, daring, and 'hard-boiled.'

"Much violence has been committed during the summer. The number of murders in Harlan County has been above a hundred.

"It has been charged that these murders have been committed by mine guards. I have talked with no responsible persons who so assert. It is known that miners were shot while going peacefully to work, and a company of deputy sheriffs were shot from ambush in the vicinity of Evarts.

"Many stores in Evarts were looted—some several times. Goods not taken for use were wantonly destroyed. There are no 'company stores' in Evarts."

A good word is spoken for the circuit judge and the Harlan County sheriff, one of whom is reported to own stock in a mine and so "may be deemed to be somewhat favorable to corporations." But both "are pronounced to be upright citizens of integrity and courage. They have accomplished an officer's first duty: maintained order at great risk to their lives."

The so-called "battle" at Evarts, says Mr. Stevens, can not properly be termed a battle. "It was an ambush and a massacre. One of the persons killed was the foster-son of a company doctor, in no way personally connected with the mines or with the trouble."

International photograph

When Death Took a Ride

In this automobile two deputy sheriffs were killed during a fight with about 125 miners. Two of the miners also were slain.

Mr. Stevens talked with one of three persons arrested for alleged syndicalism who were prominently mentioned in the newspapers, and says that while he does not believe this man actually counseled violence, he does know that the accused man went to Evarts in a state of mind which was sure to produce trouble. Mr. Stevens was informed that one of the three publicly counseled the assassination of the judge and sheriff.

The three accused men gave peace bond and promised to remain out of the county, and the charges were filed away.

In giving this account, Mr. Stevens says he does not wish to be understood as being partizan to the operators. He concludes:

"I have no doubt that some operators are greedy and unreasonable; as some are certainly humane and just. Probably they are much like other people, and have carried themselves in this difficulty as well as could be expected.

"Finally: Christian people and churches, if they are to be helpful in these difficulties, must rise above partizanship.

"To approach a grave industrial disturbance with the assumption that one party is wholly in the wrong, and is to be condemned without a hearing, is to disqualify one's self either to judge or to help.

"I have many warm friends in both camps—operators and miners. Both are in a difficult situation. Bankruptcy stares some in the face; starvation, the others. I do not greatly blame hungry men for rioting; tho I perceive that peace officers must suppress the riot.

"Patience, forbearance, and a Christian spirit will alone discover a way out."

"Kentucky," says the Lexington *Herald*, "would welcome the fullest ascertainment of all the facts by a committee composed of such persons as Justice Brandeis, Jane Addams, Claude Bowers, Walter Lippmann, Grace Abbott, or any group whose purpose would be to find a remedy instead of to exploit themselves through fomenting discord."

Christianity's Chance in Asia

CHRISTIANITY MUST MEET ITS ANCIENT foe, atheism, in tormented Asia.

Under the impact of the spiritual revolt and social upheaval in the worn-out civilizations of the Orient, the old religions are breaking up, and Christianity must come to the rescue lest atheistic materialism from Communist Russia dominate the Asiatic soul.

Fortunately, Christianity is adjusting itself to the new conditions and problems of the Orient, and the prospects that it will take firmer root in its ancient home are encouraging.

This is what that experienced missionary leader, Dr. Ralph E. Diffendorfer, believes. The corresponding secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church recently returned from a five months' visit to mission stations in the Orient.

During that visit, said Dr. Diffendorfer in a recent address in New York, he felt all about him the restlessness of a stupendous social revolution, which he likened, we read in the New York *Times*, to a mighty glacier, "slow but irresistible, carrying millions before it to a place that neither they nor we fully comprehend."

The revolution in China and the uprising in India, he said, are merely transitory indications of a great social cataclysm reaching into the intimate lives of countless millions. They are indications of the power being exerted by the cinema, by the motor-car, by Western thought—a power which is destroying religions that are thousands of years old.

The breakdown of these religions, declared Dr. Diffendorfer, leaves these people with "a free field," for they may attempt to modernize their ancient beliefs, they may adopt a secular philosophy to replace them, they may yield to the missionary efforts of Communism, or they may adopt Christianity. But he is encouraged at the outlook:

"It was reassuring to find the forces of the Christian Church adjusting themselves to these new conditions and, I think, possibly more rapidly than any other field of human endeavor.

"I have returned greatly encouraged by the outlook in every country in Asia for a forward movement in the Christian Church.

"The most formidable force bidding for the new Asia is atheistic materialism from Communist Russia. Manifestly, it is the most formidable challenge which the Christian religion has to meet, for it replaces religion and the Church as a fellowship, and substitutes for them a practical social and economic program which is a religion for the people who accept it.

"An opportunity like this to share our knowledge and experience of Christ may not present itself again in such magnitude for many decades."

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Who Is the Real Murderer?

HAD SOME BIG BROTHER intervened in time, Hubert Niccolls might not be suffering life imprisonment for murder at the age of twelve.

He was too young to hang. But even if they had put a rope around his slender neck and hanged him until he was dead, it would only have disposed of Hubert.

Given a similar miserable environment, a similar lack of opportunity to develop into a normal, healthy, happy boy, some other mother's son of twelve years may commit murder and suffer a similar fate—be barred and branded, and supported by the society which refuses to acknowledge any other obligation.

The case occurs in the United States.

The boy, we read, frolicked about the court-room, and played with the spectators and court officials while the jury deliberated on what to do with him. At twelve one has little realization of the grim realities of life. The jury discarded, we are told, pleas of insanity, abnormality, and mental deficiency, and rendered a verdict carrying with it a sentence of life imprisonment for a mere child.

ON the other side of the continent, the New Haven *Journal-Courier* views the circumstances and indicts the community on a charge of criminal neglect:

"Hubert Niccolls did not have an even chance in life.

"With an insane father, with a mother fear-stricken because of poverty, without food enough to satisfy a growing boy's appetite, Hubert's twelve years of experience gave him a distorted view of life.

"His defense attorney rightly said of those twelve years: 'There was a vacant place in Hubert's life, and he filled it with his imagination.'

"The boy had killed an aged sheriff of a county in the State of Washington when the officer, in pursuit of his duty, found the youngster looting a grocery.

"The prosecutor, not urging the death penalty, asked that the boy be confined as a menace to society, saying that Hubert knew the difference between right and wrong when he stole from stores, and when he killed Sheriff John Wormell.

"This is a case in which organized society arrived too late to be of any constructive assistance.

"The mother of the boy, with six other children, without food and clothing for her family, driven to desperation because of visions of starvation which constantly confronted her, was unable to give the child the kind of home a growing youngster needs.

"The community probably did not seriously concern itself with Hubert's conduct until he committed murder. It then took the path of least resistance, and sent him to the State prison for the rest of his life. This is about the only thing it could do after an officer had been slain.

"However, as the case is reviewed by the press, one wonders why the organized agencies of community welfare did not concern themselves with the case of Hubert Niccolls. He did not become 'bad' all at once, and surely adults in his town knew something about him. They probably forgot him because of problems which they considered more important."

THE jury disposed of the child in three hours and as many minutes. But, as far as can be found out, *The Journal-Courier* reports, the jury had no sentence to pass upon the citizens of Asotin, Washington. "Some of those citizens probably rest more easily because Hubert Niccolls is now in prison, will probably be there the rest of his life." Yet—

"Citizens, not only of Asotin, Washington, but of every other city and community in the country, need to come to the realization that juvenile delinquency does not begin when a crime is committed.

"The public, in the case of Hubert Niccolls, comes face to face with the fact that abnormal conditions in the home, in the diet, and in society, piled upon constitutional defects undoubtedly present in bad heredity, mold the life of a child who grows up under those conditions.

"Six other children are still to be considered. They have not committed deeds of sufficient importance to attract public notice.

"However, they have been reared under the same distracting conditions that fashioned Hubert.

"They, like thousands of other children, are being ushered into adulthood, seriously handicapped by conditions over which they have no control.

"Surely society will begin to take more seriously the statements of biologists and child-psychologists, and will begin to see to it that homes and heredity become more nearly what they ought to be."

A Challenge to Politicians

PRESERVERS OF PRECEDENT AND PREJUDICE, cautious conservatives—all who hew to the line of political safety, are challenged by Walter Lippmann to strike for human betterment, now, while the iron of public opinion is hot. The summons furnishes a text for a church paper which, too, believes that a restless world is on its toes for courageous leaders.

In one of his recent editorials for the New York *Herald Tribune*, this practical philosopher and journalistic critic writes:

"I believe that the current political estimates of public opinion, as to what the people feel about debts, tariffs, the League, international cooperation, are fundamentally false.

"For these estimates of what can not be done leave out of account the decisive fact that vast quantities of the old prejudices and ideas have been liquefied by the fires of the crisis. Public opinion was never more mobile, and anything can now be done, with immediate political safety and ultimate popular approval, which is intrinsically worth doing."

"If a man who does not profess a living faith in the living God can yet have so unfaltering a confidence in the self-authenticating power of truth and the potency of righteousness," comments *The Reformed Church Messenger*, "it should put to shame profest leaders in the churches who are sounding a doubtful note or calling for a retreat. To match this hour we must have prophets, pioneers of progress, men and women who believe that this is a day of unparalleled opportunity, when 'the truth as it is in Jesus' actually has a better chance than it has had for a long, long time."

Reminding us that men were prone to say after the World War that the world is in a state of flux, the Philadelphia weekly asserts:

"This is even more true to-day, as a result of the world depression and the terrific blows that have been struck at all our citadels of material splendor. One could rehearse by the hour the pitiful incidents of men who put their trust in money and pleasure and now stand shorn of all their goods, duped, tricked, cheated by the illusions they have pursued, and who now are yearning for something better."

SPECIFICALLY, *The Reformed Church Messenger* urges that we work for world peace:

"Let us have faith to believe not only that a warless world is possible, but that it is as sure as the promises of God.

"Let us not be too greatly concerned by the thunderings of a Navy League which accuses the President of the United States of 'abysmal ignorance' and sneers at the 'impelling motives back of his efforts at every turn to restrict, to reduce, and to starve the United States Navy.'

"The average churchman has but a meager conception of the pressure brought by powerful interests upon our high officials or of the abuse and misrepresentation to which they are subjected when they seek to curb the activities of militarists in and out of office.

"But here also 'anything can now be done which is intrinsically worth doing.'

"If, as we believe, the war against war is ordained of God, we must not faint or falter.

"If the strategic chance offered by the Geneva Disarmament Conference is not seized by the believers in world peace, how can God forgive us for our lack of faith?"

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

THE lure of the frontier. The search for romance, away from civilization, is inborn in many whose song "Eolus" (E. O. Laughlin) sings in the Chicago *Tribune:*

PIONEERING

BY EOLUS

Now across the plain they pass—
Tumble-weed and Tickle-grass:
Tumble-weed, the pioneer,
Seeking for a new frontier,
Tickle-grass, his tender bride,
Dancing bravely at his side.

Tickle-grass and Tumble-weed,
Far across the plain they speed
On the wind, a broncho, panting,
Goaded by the raindrops, slanting,
Spurred by keen autumnal sun,
On and onward still they run.

Tumble-weed and Tickle-grass—
Fearless rover, faithful lass,
Riders of November's gale,
Soon your foaming steed will fail
And your journey, wild, will end
Where the sky and prairie blend.

There you'll find a lone frontier,
Bleak and rugged, never fear,
Stake your claim and build a home,
Vowing never more to roam—
Vowing never more to stray
For forever and a day.

Tumble-weed and Tickle-grass,
Restless lad and fickle lass,
When another spring shall fetch
Rue and roses, corn and vetch,
Genteel neighbors, settling near,
You will seek a new frontier.

PERHAPS some have grown indifferent to the air riders, but the wonder of it lives in many. This in the New York *American:*

THE NIGHT MAIL

BY ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY

Those early ones who dreamed of wings and died,
Their dream unproved, their faith unjustified—
Young Icarus, whose wings defied the sun,
And whom the sea received, defeated one.
And all who followed him in after days,
All, all have gone their unremembered ways.
For us who see their dream fulfilled at last,
Wonder is dead, the miracle is past.
Daily the sky is filled with men a-wing,
But who looks up to view them, marveling?

The night mail hurtles through the starry space,
A throbbing miracle, grown commonplace.
While Icarus and all the darling dead
Who dreamed of wings pass with it overhead—
Yawning, we hear the thunder of its flight,
And say, "The night mail; time for bed, Good night!"

THE quiet of a summer twilight is given here in *The Carmelite* (Carmel, Calif.):

NOW ARE THE VALLEYS SOFTENED

BY ALBERT V. FOWLER

Now are the valleys softened
And distance lost to sight
In golden dust of sunset
Before the peace of night.

Gone is the toil of noonday,
Far is the dream of sleep;
The day and night blend slowly
And earth in wonder steep.

Light of the sun has vanished,
The darkness has no star;
The winds of time are silent
As earth and heaven are.

OGDEN NASH, in *The New Yorker*, writes a rollicking curse on the lady who tried to steal his cook:

MALICE DOMESTIC

BY OGDEN NASH

A Mrs. Shepherd of Danbury, Conn.,
She tried to steal our cook,
She may have thought to stay anon.,
But did she do it? Look!
Oh—Mrs.—Shepherd,
OH! MRS. SHEPHERD!
I'll hunt you hither, I'll hunt you yon.
Did you really hope to remain anon.?
Didn't you know the chance you took
Making a pass at a poet's cook?

Oh, Mrs. S. of the Nutmeg State,
No human shame she knew,
Her carnal appetites to sate,
Our home she walked into.
Oh—Mrs.—Shepherd!
OH! MRS. SHEPHERD!

By hook and by crook and by telephone
You attempted to rape us of our own.
You ruptured the laws of God and man
And made a pass at Matilda Ann.

Then here's a health to Matilda Ann,
Whose soups are soundly peppered,
Whose commonest meats are godlike feats,
Who resisted Mrs. Shepherd.
But—Oh—Mrs. Shepherd!
Oh! Mrs. SHEPHERD!
You ruptured the laws of man and God
When in our kitchen you softly trod.
You tiptoed hither, you tiptoed yon,
You fondly hoped to remain anon.,
But householders all, the nation over,
Shall hear the name of the lawless rover
Who by telephone and by hook and crook
Attempted to alienate our cook.
Go back to your home in Danbury, Conn.,
And carry this curse to ponder on:
I hope that your soup is washy-wishy,
Your salad sandy, your butter fishy,
Your sirloins fried and your whitebait boiled,
Your omelettes burned and your sherbets oiled,
Till all your neighbors in Danbury, Conn.,
As they watch the Shepherds grow feeble and wan,
Say "She should have thought of the chance she took,
Making a pass at a poet's cook."

THERE is a sob in these words which come from a tinker. In *Irish Travel* (Dublin):

THE BROKEN-HEARTED TINKER

BY PADRAIC KELLY

'Twas on the road to the town o' Cong
I met with a tinker lad
Who sang full sweet as he tramped along—
But never a note was glad.
Says I: "Good-day, and that song you sing
I never before did hear."
Says he: "'Tis older far than the ring
Of hammer on tin, I fear.

"For love is age with the age of man,
And I sing of love and of Nell McGann,
Yet I may mend a kettle or can,
But the heart she broke is broken."

I laugh'd me then at the tinker lad
I met on the road to Cong;
For why be sad should a tinker lad
And sing such a mournful song?
The sun shone down on a rover free
And the summer day was fair,
While blackbirds whistl'd in bush and tree
And larks in the fields of air.

But "love is age with the age of man,"
And the tinker sang of one Nell McGann.
Who loved him less than an old tin can—
So the heart she broke was broken.

PROPHETS of wars to be now find their warning comprest into a few lines. From *Poetry* (Chicago):

1960: THE LAST WAR

BY THOMAS W. DUNCAN

Against the purple sky soft bombs were flowering,
Like poisoned orange poppies. Hissing light
Blossomed and guttered out. Bright sparks were showering,
Like falling stars. A silence thick as night
Swallowed the city. . . .
And his tired ears hurt.
He saw white smoke curl up the sky in scrawls.
The anti-aircraft guns began to spurt.
A dull roar rose like distant waterfalls.

Dull roaring broke in blasts of heavy thunder.
Black wings swooped. Loud propellers cut the sky.
Shells split the air. Skyscrapers ripped asunder.
Gas clouds swirled down. . . . His throat and eyes got dry.
His knees snapped. Something broke inside his head.
(Ten million died that day, the papers said.)

IN a meter that finely reproduces the tramp and speed of wild horses, this writer in *The New Republic* conjures a picture:

WILD HORSES OF THE MOJAVE

BY ADELAIDE WILSON ARNOLD

Their hooves made a thud and hissing like the ghosts of waves that once broke there
As suddenly out of the darkness wild horses swept over the dune.
They came with the hurry of sea waves, checked, trumpeted, wheeled and played,
And their manes in the toss of the night wind with a mist of silver were sprayed:
Wild horses of the Mojave, playing under the moon.

We waked in our brief camp and watched them, wrung by a joy that was nameless.
—There is a dark time coming, sorrow and age will come soon,
But beauty is ours to remember: how in the night on the desert
Wild horses of the Mojave go playing under the moon.

THE bluejackets love and read poetry. In *Our Navy* (Washington) is a queer picture—a sailor paid off and not altogether pleased with the future outlook:

AFTERWARDS

BY F. A. MCHENRY

When I never go out to the sea again,
But, tied to a landsman's tether,
I handle a spade, or push a pen
To keep body and soul together,
Some things I'll miss . . . the salt sea's kiss
And the tang of gusty weather.

I'll have a bunk that is wide and warm,
And a fire where the logs are burning,
And perhaps a face in that homelike place
Will keep my heart from turning;
But beyond the pine, the sea will whine
And fill my mind with yearning.

I'll stay ashore as the ships go forth
And watch their grey forms crawling
Beneath the bridges, past the piers,
Into the mist that's falling,
And the arms of the sea will reach to me
And that same low voice be calling.

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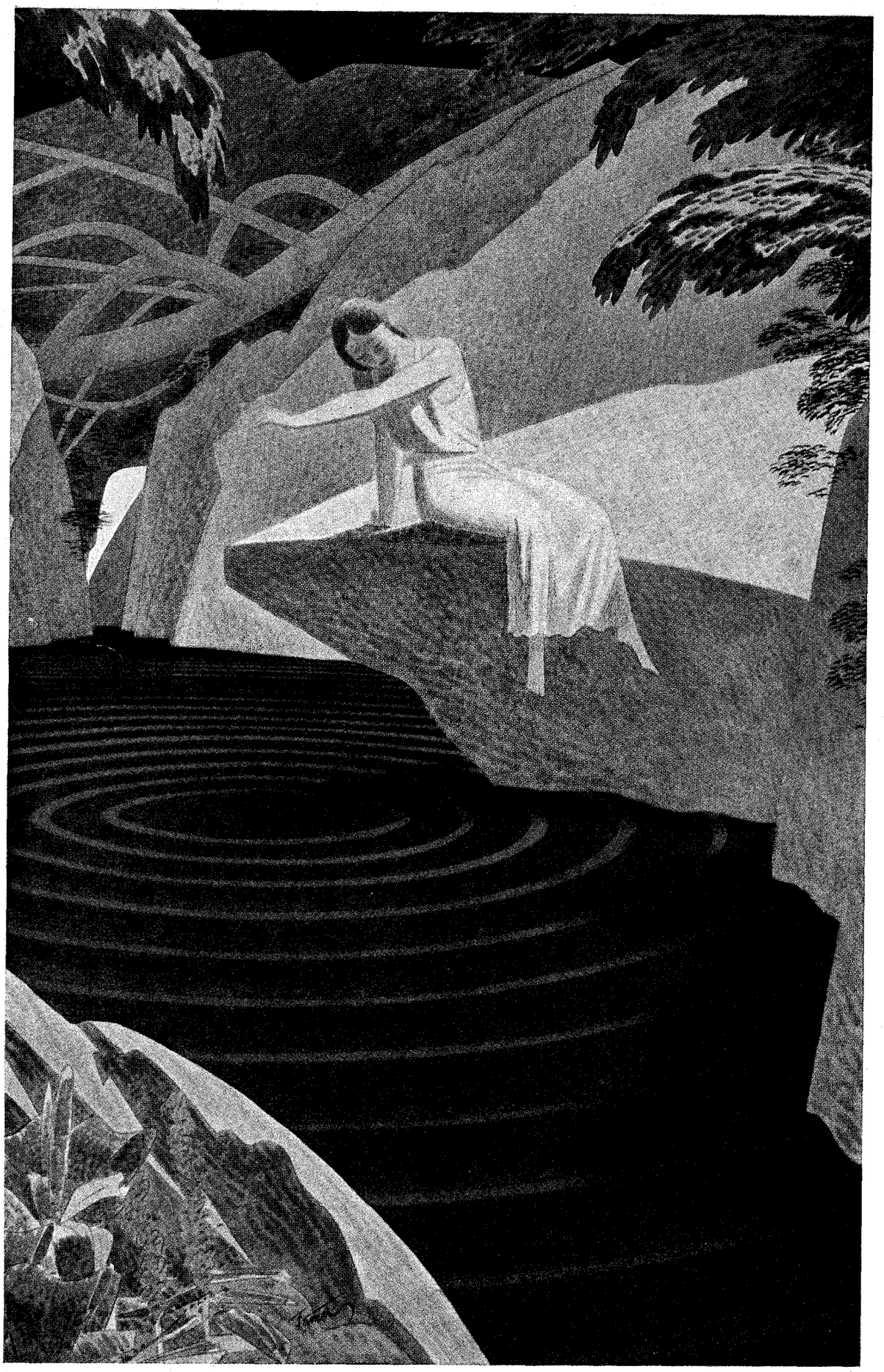

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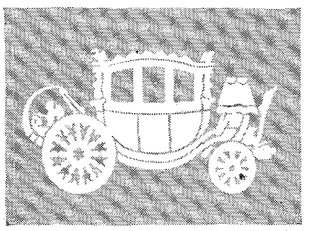
GROWTH OF AN IDEA



Let an idea, however vague, catch hold of a man's mind, and no one can tell to what it may lead. As the ripples from a pebble dropped into water will travel in ever widening circles across the whole surface of the pool, what seems but an incident may produce effects that touch the very limits of human life.

When Watt observed the power of steam to lift the lid of the kettle, he conceived the mere thought that this principle might be put to practical use. But, as a result, came the steam engine; then through variations and extensions, the machine age. In consequence, not only economic conditions but the world's whole social and political aspect has been changed.

Something of this same thing began with the coming of Fisher Bodies. It would be absurd to say that closed-body development ever equalled in importance the development of the automobile itself. But the automobile without a closed body was but a short-season sporting turnout, not a year-round conveyance needed or even desired by the people as a whole.

Then Fisher, believing that closed bodies were practical, proved its belief. The attitude toward the automobile changed. Thousands who never desired a car before now wanted one. The new demand opened the way to new production methods. Cost per car, in consequence, went steadily down. The lower the prices reached, the larger the market grew; the larger the market, the lower the prices. The endless chain was welded.

So, too, with Fisher itself, one result has followed another. The success of its basic ideas has opened, year after year, new avenues for the development of resources and facilities which, in turn, have again and again advanced the possibilities of Fisher achievement. True to the laws of cause and effect, Fisher Bodies are finer every year . . . and by the same laws you can expect them to be still finer in the future.

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THE OUTSTANDING

Buick

Can you do THIS in YOUR automobile?

Can you shift *all* gears, first, second, third or reverse, swiftly and easily without even touching the clutch pedal—a major advantage of Wizard Control?

You CAN *in a Buick*

Can you obtain either Standard or High Compression (without extra cost) in a Valve-in-Head Straight Eight excelling even the fine previous Buick which won 4 to 1 sales leadership in its field?

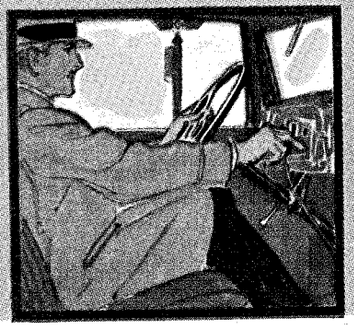
You CAN *in a Buick*

Can you have either Free Wheeling or Conventional Drive at will—changing from one to the other *instantaneously* to meet varying driving conditions?

You CAN *in a Buick*

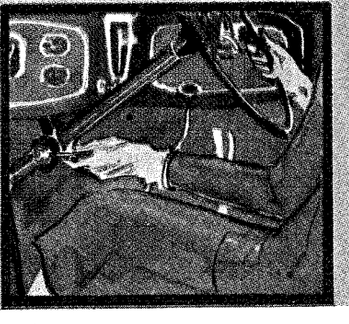
Can you sweep over the road at 80-plus with that feeling of absolute solidity and security imparted by the Torque Tube Drive and an extra-rugged finely balanced chassis

You CAN *in a Buick*



Can you enjoy a *truly silent* second speed as well as acceleration up to forty miles an hour or more before shifting noiselessly into high?

You CAN *in a Buick*



Can you *choose* your ride, by means of Ride Regulator, to assure greatest comfort according to road conditions, number of passengers and car speed

You CAN *in a Buick*

* *Extra on models 32-56 and 32*

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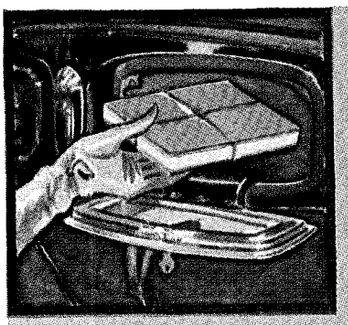
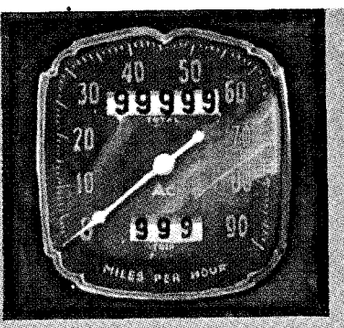
U I C K O F A L L T I M E



Can you place personal articles or packages in an attractive built-in convenience compartment in the instrument panel — handy, spacious, fitted with lock?

You CAN *in a Buick*



Can you count upon 200,000 miles and more of fine, dependable performance, knowing that your motor car has a 28-year record of just such performance-ability?

You CAN *in a Buick*

Can you adjust the full front seat swiftly and easily — moving it forward or backward to desired driving position — even while the car is in motion?

You CAN *in a Buick*

Can you motor with perfect peace of mind derived from the knowledge that [illegible] service or parts at more than [illegible] authorized stations reinforces your car's reliability?

You CAN *in a Buick*

Can you secure positive, vacuum-controlled windshield wiper action at all engine speeds — and gain instant protection from sun glare at any angle via an Adjustable Interior Visor?

You CAN *in a Buick*

Can you obtain these advantages, with a choice of twenty-six luxurious Fisher body types, assuring exactly the model you want, at prices ranging from $935 to $2055, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan?

You CAN *in a Buick*

You CAN if you own

THE NEW BUICK EIGHT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM . . . PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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Winning the Fight Against Tuberculosis

THAT IS WHAT OUR HEALTH AUTHORITIES are doing, according to the statistical experts of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

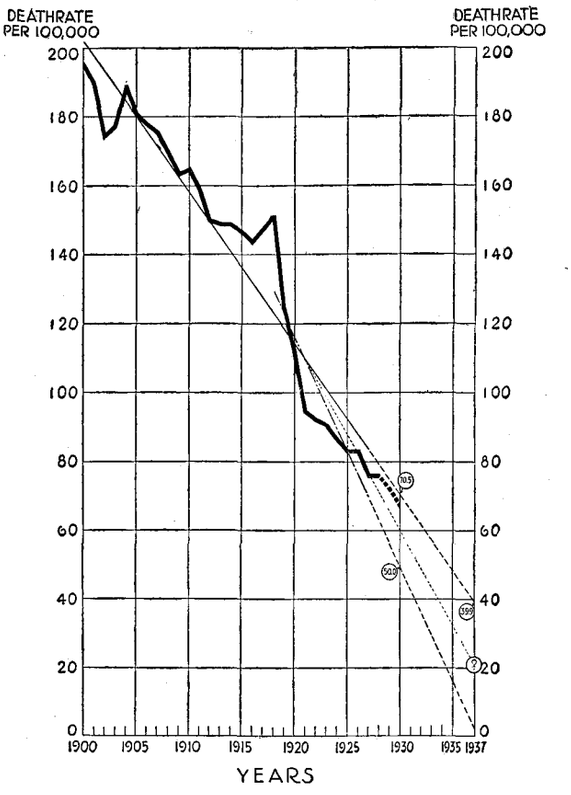
In the company's *Statistical Bulletin* (New York), we are shown graphic proof that, despite hunger and lack of work, the once-dread disease continues to decline.

Already, we are told, the heaviest social burdens that it formerly entailed "have been materially eased," and the day is not far distant when it will "cease to act as one of the major sources of dependency and family disruption." We read in *The Bulletin:*

"The business of prophecy is always full of dangers. But now and then it is possible to make cautious and controlled forecasts where sufficient information of past and current performance is at hand.

"A few years ago, a projection was made of the probable future course of the tuberculosis death-rate in the United States. Using the facts available for 1900 to 1928, a projection for the death-rate up to the year 1937 was made, and it was then estimated that in 1930, the rate would be under 70 per 100,000 and, possibly by 1937, the death-rate from tuberculosis would be under 40.

"The facts for the last few years bear out the accuracy of the estimate and give some assurance that the estimate for 1937 will not be far from the actual facts. A glance at the chart will show how well the figures for the last four or five years have kept within the charted course.



Downward Trend of the White Plague

"It is in many ways a remarkable fact that, after two years of serious economic depression, the tuberculosis death-rate should continue its declining trend, for much historical and present-day discussion has strest the close relation between the tuberculosis death-rate and economic and social conditions.

"There has been apparently no serious effect as yet on the general health of the community as the result of unemployment and of the lower incomes of the large mass of the working population. For the year 1930, the tuberculosis death-rate was 67.2 per 100,000 in the population of 34,000,000 in the Original Registration States, and this rate was 6.5 per cent. below that for 1929.

"For the first eight months of 1931 the decline has been 7.4 per cent. since 1930 among insured wage-earners, and there is every indication that the present year will close with the lowest rate on record by a large margin."

IT seems, therefore, the writer concludes, that the forces for the control of tuberculosis have been so well organized and co-ordinated as to take care not only of the usual load, but also of accretions resulting from the economic depression. He proceeds:

"The effect of the work of the last twenty-five or thirty years has been cumulative in nature. The philanthropic and public-health agencies of the country have continued to be alert to the necessity for caring for the tuberculous.

"The medical profession is becoming more and more skilled in the diagnosis and treatment of the disease. Sanatoria are expanding their facilities, and their service results in arresting tuberculosis and in restoring patients to working capacity on a large scale. Many thousands of lives are saved annually as a result of this effort alone.

"Fewer deaths from tuberculosis mean that there are fewer advanced cases capable of producing new infections in the community. Fewer infections imply a reduced number of breakdowns later in life. There is thus set up a beneficent circle which serves to protect the community.

"The country, as a whole, has not yet experienced the full effect of the work done over the past two or three decades. That is why we may be so hopeful as to the record of the immediate future for tuberculosis. We see, therefore, no reason at this writing to modify the earlier estimate that, in 1937, the tuberculosis death-rate will be less than 40 per 100,000 in certain of the northeastern States.

"There is much evidence to show that the heaviest social burdens inflicted by tuberculosis have been materially eased.

"It is significant that there has been no let-up in the tendency of tuberculosis to advance toward those ages where it will cease to act as one of the major sources of dependency and of family disruption."

Don't Worry; Avoid Dermatalgia

THIS disease, otherwise skin-neuralgia, is a nerve affection caused by worry, fear. or brooding, says Dr. Charles F. Pabst, chief dermatologist of Greenpoint Hospital, Brooklyn, New York.

Widely prevalent just now, this type of skin affection has been caused almost altogether by the economic depression, according to Dr. Pabst.

According to an interview with him printed in the New York *Evening Journal*, the spread of the disease is comparable to the increase in skin ailments that followed directly after the World War, but differs in that the skin ailments of the war era were of a parasitic nature, while the present are not. We read:

"Dr. Pabst said that a proper nerve supply is as essential for a normal skin as a good blood supply. Continuing, he said:

"'Worry, fear, and brooding cause changes in the nervous system, and, as a result, there may be burning, stinging, and painful sensations in the skin, altho the surface of the skin appears perfectly normal.

"'This condition, which is most prevalent to-day, is called dermatalgia (neuralgia of the skin). Nervous disturbances may also induce the disorder known as pruritus, and, in some extreme cases, may cause neuro-dermatitis.'

"Pruritus is a disorder in which there is intense itching of the skin without any structural changes in the skin itself. Neuro-dermatitis (inflammation of the skin) is indicated when the skin becomes reddened and scaly, and in addition there is marked itching.

"The doctor explained that the present skin ailments are not contagious, not reportable, and rarely fatal, and that therefore their prevalence is often unknown until it has attained a great height.

"The man who still has a job should stop worrying about losing it, the doctor said, because he may bring on an attack of dermatalgia, and the man without a job should stop worrying or he will not only be out of a job but may have an attack of dermatalgia to boot."

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Beauty Treatment for Miss Liberty

MISS LIBERTY WITH A DOUBLE CHIN?

Crow's-feet around the eyes of Bartholdi's famous goddess?

It may seem unthinkable. But these and other blemishes existed until recently to mar the beauty—facial and otherwise—of America's—and perhaps the world's—best-loved lady.

The United States Army made the discovery.

With its customary courage it refused to blink the fact. And with its customary gallantry it decided to remedy the distressing situation, according to the Army Information Service (New York).

What was actually discovered by the officers of the Second Corps Area at Governor's Island was that when darkness fell and the batteries of flood lights were turned on the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, distorting shadows formed in the wrong spots. Thus the lady lost her comely daytime appearance.

To correct this condition, Maj.-Gen. Hanson E. Ely, commanding the Corps Area, had a more modern flood-lighting system installed, so that Miss Liberty's beauty might not be marred. Recently the system was placed in operation by Mlle. José Laval, daughter of the French Premier, during her visit in America with her father.

Discussing the new lighting system, and other repairs and renovations to the statue, the Army Information Service's bulletin continues:

"After careful study, Westinghouse engineers designed a system of lighting to eliminate virtually all shadows throughout the entire statue.

"An entirely new feature is the effect added by the installation for the first time of lights in the twenty-one windows of the crown of the statue.

"A blinker system creates the impression of glittering jewels.

"Miss Liberty's incandescent 'beauty bath' was not the only improvement. A more or less general renovation of the monument took place.

"'With 350,000 or more people from all parts of the world visiting the Statue of Liberty each year, the monument is one of the most famous in existence,' General Ely declared. 'It is fitting that its repair and upkeep be carefully looked after by our Government.'"

International

Lady Liberty Lit Up

THE engineering aspects of the new lighting system were explained thus by Charles E. Stevens, Vice-President of the Westinghouse Company:

"This is one of the most complicated lighting problems ever attempted. The entire research and engineering resources of the Westinghouse organizations were put to work on this flood-lighting installation. Many complications and difficulties had to be overcome.

"For instance, the specifications called for the elimination of all shadows in order to make the statue stand out. There was a very bad shadow under the chin of Miss Liberty, also under and around the eyes. These were caused by the torch which is held aloft in Miss Liberty's right hand.

"Under the 4½-foot nose an ugly blur was cast on either side of the face, giving the cheeks a hollow appearance, depending on one's point of view.

"Other shadows from the folds of the robes distorted the statue so much that, under the old lighting conditions, the figure appeared to be removed from the base. All of these difficulties were overcome by a series of flood lights which wash out undesirable shadows all over the statue.

"Also, a flood light was placed in the base of the torch which emitted enough illumination through the holes at the bottom of the torch to counteract all of the shadows on Miss Liberty's face.

"There are ninety-six Westinghouse flood lights, each equipped with 1,000-watt lamps distributed at the points of the star-shaped foundation of the statue. Eight additional lights of the same type, two in each corner of the pedestal balcony, are also installed.

"This installation uses 100 kilowatts, or enough power to light 250 average homes.

"The flood lights and other illumination of the statue are turned off and on by regular Army soldiers. The flood lights are in operation from dusk until midnight, but Liberty's torch burns until dawn."

Tuberculin Test Harmless to Cattle

IOWA FARMERS WHO HAVE carried their objection to tuberculin testing of their cattle almost to the point of armed rebellion have been excited over a misunderstanding, and to a certain extent over deliberately spread misinformation.

Such is the opinion exprest by scientists at the U. S. Department of Agriculture, according to a wire report of Science Service (Washington). We read:

"Tuberculin never does a healthy cow the slightest harm, declared Dr. M. Dorset, chief of the biochemic division of the Bureau of Animal Industry, in an interview given to Science Service.

"It does not even hurt a tuberculous animal, but merely shows that she has the disease and ought to be slaughtered in the interests of community health.

"Claims to the contrary, he indicated, are the results either of lack of information as to its real nature or of hostile propaganda.

"Tuberculin is essentially the clear, sterilized fluid derived from broth cultures of the tuberculosis bacillus, he said. It is entirely free of tubercle bacilli and of harmful bacteria of all kinds.

"The test is administered in a way that will cause no discomfort to healthy animals, and only a minimum to sick ones. A single drop of the fluid is injected into the thin skin on the under side of the tail. After from 48 to 72 hours this point of injection is examined.

"If the animal is healthy, no trace of the injection will then be found.

"If there is a small, inflamed lump, it is judged due to the reaction of the tuberculin upon the animal's tissues which have been made hypersensitive by the presence, somewhere in the body, of tubercular infection.

"The fluid used by the testing officers is essentially the same as that used in determining whether or not a human patient has tuberculosis, Dr. Dorset said.

"In fact, tuberculin was originally made in the hope that it would be a cure for tuberculosis, and when it was found that it could not do that, it was also learned that it could be made very useful as a sensitive agent in diagnosis.

"The work of tuberculin testing of cattle all over the country is carried on cooperatively by the Department of Agriculture and the various State governments. Field men representing both the department and the States work together, and both Federal and State funds are used in reimbursing farmers for cattle which it is found necessary to have killed.

"There have been some lawsuits against the official bodies concerned by disbelievers in the efficacy of tuberculin testing, but these have all been decided in favor of the Department of Agriculture and of the States.

"Hitherto no resistance by force has been offered, and department officers feel sure that the work of testing will be carried on after the present flare-up in the Mid-West has been peacefully settled."

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An Anatomical Sahara

THE HUMAN BACK is thus characterized by a writer in *Current Science* (Columbus, Ohio).

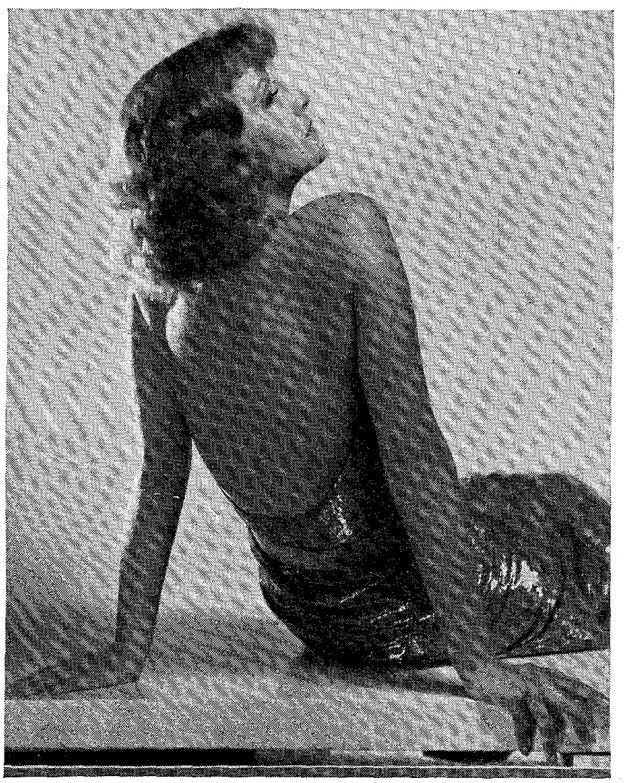
It has a large, smooth surface, with few nerves and blood-vessels. Even the sweat-glands are deficient.

Why the back, then?

The writer suggests that it is to catch and utilize "the healthful rays of the sun." He writes:

"What are backs for?

"We use them for patting, for scratching, for rubbing the right way, or—in contrast—for lashing and punishment. Our backs are the largest area of our body that is unbroken by important anatomical structures; compare a face, for example, with its



Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

An Anatomical Sahara

crowded hills and valleys, hollows, pools, springs and fountains, forested tops, and often heavy underbrush. In contrast the back is an arid desert.

"Backs are but scantily supplied with the favors of physiology. Consider the following signs of poverty.

"Backs have fewer nerves of feeling. In the tips of your fingers the ends of the nerves are but a few hundredths of an inch apart; in your back they may be fully an inch apart. It is easy to test this with two sharp points, which seem to be only one when they are closer together than the nerve endings.

"Backs have fewer nerves of heat and of cold. The sensations of pressure, of heat, and of cold, have separate nerve endings in all areas of our skin. On the back of the hand, and on the cheeks, these nerves are rather close together at the surface; on the back they are widely scattered. It is no trouble to test this with a blunt point, such as of a glass or metal rod, which may be dipt in warm water in preparation for the hunt for 'warm spots' or the endings of the nerves that feel heat, and cooled in ice-water to search for the separate 'cold spots.'

"Backs have fewer blood-vessels in their skin. Other portions of the body surface are abundantly supplied with capillaries carrying the blood. This circulation is distinctly scanty in the back—another cause for calling this region an anatomical Desert of Sahara.

"Because of this poor circulation, backs become chilly when our entire body area is trying to adjust itself to cold. Areas with abundant blood supply maintain their heat; those with little are at the mercy of the chilly air, and their nerves of cold protest.

"Even the sweat-glands are not so abundant in the back. These active evidences of honest toil—the pores through which sweat oozes during muscular activity or in heated surroundings—are most plentiful in the palms of our hands and the soles of our feet. This is striking indeed in the members of the cat family; 'kitty' can sweat only through the pads on her paws, the rest of her skin remaining dry.

"'Every front must have a back,' it may be sufficient reason for the existence of this unused area of our anatomy. A back is really a protection to the body. Under the skin are strong muscles which permit four-legged animals to bear the weight of their important organs, and even to carry loads that men put upon them."

What It Costs to Run a Car

PROOF THAT GOOD ROADS are a paying investment from the motorist's point of view is given by an analysis of automobile-operation costs on various tppes of highways, according to the American Road Builders' Association.

The average automobile owner may prefer not to know what his per-mile operating cost actually amounts to, but he should be interested in knowing how much he saves by driving on improved roads, also the difference in cost of operating various types of cars and the savings accruing in each case as the result of highway improvement. We quote as follows from a press bulletin issued by the Association:

"From detailed cost records reported on about 800 automobiles operated in various parts of the United States, figures were prepared taking all factors into consideration, showing the average cost of automobile operation over all types of surfacing to be in cents per mile:

Light fours	6.02
Medium fours	6.42
Heavy fours	7.20
Light sixes	7.38
Medium sixes	8.40
Heavy sixes	9.45

"Among the various items of operating cost, road condition is shown to have no effect on license, garage, interest, and insurance. The increase in cost of maintenance and in depreciation of automobiles as the type of road becomes poorer is in somewhat the same ratio as the increase in gasoline consumption. In cost of tires and tubes comes the greatest increase, and it is estimated that where $1 is expended for this item on improved roads of high type the cost is almost triple on roads without improvement.

"The division of cost items on an imaginary 'average' automobile, based on annual mileage of 11,000, is shown as follows:

Item of Cost	*Cents Per Mile*
Gasoline	1.31
Oil	0.22
Tires and tubes	0.64
Maintenance	1.72
Depreciation	1.39
License	0.14
Garage at $4 per month	0.44
Interest at 6 per cent	0.36
Insurance (fire, theft, tornado)	0.21
Total cents per mile	6.43

"The saving shown in operation of such average automobile due to road improvement is, where roads without improvement are changed to intermediate type, 1.07 cents per mile, where intermediate type is changed to high type, 0.99 cents per mile, and where unimproved type is changed to high type, 2.06 cents per mile.

"The cost tables range from eleven cents per mile, the cost of operation of a 'heavy six' over unimproved roads, down to 5.10 cents, the cost of operating a 'light four' over high-type roads. This gives a conservative figure for the lightest car and the best road conditions obtainable, and for the heaviest car operating on unimproved roads.

"Allowing fifteen miles travel on a gallon of gasoline, the fifteen billion gallons consumed in 1930 carried motor-vehicles 225 billion miles. If half the travel is on the 700,000 miles of surfaced roads, and the saving is two cents a mile, the saving to the public each year amounts to $2,500,000,000, a sum in excess of the amount expended on highway maintenance and capital investment in better roads."

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WHEN FUN RUNS HIGH, DO YOUR CIGARETTES KEEP PACE?

...that's when you need the Clean Taste!

When the party's on, when laughter is gay and conversation lively...do you just naturally "top" the fun with more cigarettes? What a time that is for staying "mouth-happy" with Spud's cooler smoke and cleaner taste! What does it matter if the cigarettes follow one another as quickly as the dances...what matter if you are a 2 or 3-pack-a-day smoker? Spud always keeps your mouth moist-cool and comfortably clean. When you discover Spud, you've found full-bodied tobacco fragrance...and the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment! Try it out for yourself!

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES
20 FOR 20c (U.S.)...20 FOR 30c (CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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See Grandpa Jog Along at 100 Miles an Hour

STILL HE'LL BLAME THE JUNIORS for their reckless pace, for grandpas will always be grandpas, however high the speed limit may climb.

This picture is a prophetic one. It is a retort to criticisms of speed contests—of what some of the critics call "speed mania." It is a defense of speed rivalry by one of the world's greatest speed masters.

He's Happiest at High Speed

Air, land or water—it's all alike to Kave Don.

Kaye Don, who has wooed speed in war and peace, on land and water and in the air, answers the questions, criticisms, and reproaches that have been hurled at speed lovers ever since the first joyous lad larruped old Dobbin into a gallop.

Incidentally, this popular British speedster, writing in *The American Magazine*, goes out of his way to pay a splendid tribute to his American rival, Gar Wood, and to the sportsmanship of this country generally, acclaiming in unmeasured terms the importance of Mr. Wood's tireless contributions to the development of modern speedcraft.

That fact alone gives a unique interest to Mr. Don's article. Many will hail it as a happy and gracious sequel to the racing fiasco, last summer, when *Miss England II*, the fastest boat in the world, spilled him into the Detroit River and sank, after a false start in which he had followed Gar Wood across the line ahead of the gun. The controversy over that mishap was set forth to DIGEST readers at the time, with all the passionate pros and cons which it evoked. Now for the first time Kaye Don says his say:

In my opinion, no one man has contributed as much to the development of watercraft as the veteran pilot, Gar Wood, with his speed records and racing-boat victories dating back to the first days of the speed-boat.

This contribution called for something more than the mere desire to speed faster over water than any other human being. It called for the experience and technical knowledge gained by Wood in his years of water-speeding.

Wood for many years has been something in the nature of America's research laboratory for the power-boat industry. His speed accomplishments have all been engineering experiments, the sum total of which is blue-printed on the stream-lines and in the engine construction of the countless power-boats scooting over American waters to-day, and mostly guided by amateur pilots.

If there has been one devotee to record-holding and record-breaking who has made every mile of his speed count in the advancement of an industry, it is Gar Wood.

International

Gar Wood's Speeding Face

Snapt as he sat at the wheel of "Miss America IX."

THE competitive test brings out the best in man or motor, says Mr. Don in another place. "On the speedway or watercourse it is only in the most severe competition that the car or boat is taxed to the point where the limit of power is exacted from the motor and where new records are made." And again:

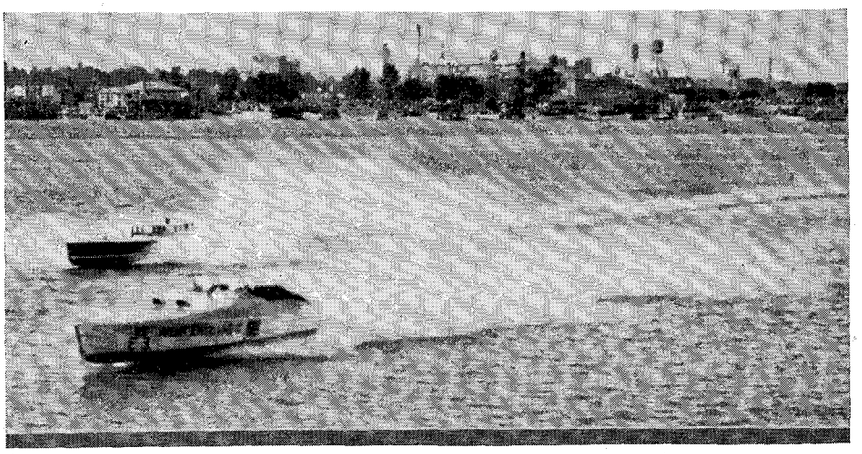
In racing events the spirit of sportsmanship which exists between contestants usually extends to spectators and to the public. And never was this fine spirit of sportsmanship more in evidence than at the international speed-boat races in Detroit recently, when, as pilot of Lord Wakefield's *Miss England II* in the Harmsworth Trophy event, I was accorded treatment that could not have reflected greater consideration and well-wishing had I been piloting the American defender instead of the British challenger.

I shall never forget it.

From the small, freckled-faced Detroit boy, who haunted my dock and offered to hold the spanner or cotton waste for my mechanics as they worked on the engines of our boat, to the magnates and city officials of Detroit, who went the limit in entertaining us and making us comfortable, every person we met seemed sincerely and whole-heartedly to wish us well, and eager to prove his friendliness by acts of helpfulness.

The ovation that followed our first-heat victory and the new lap and course records of the *Miss England II* was as sincere coming from the thousands of American throats as from the smaller gathering of British subjects from over the Canadian border.

That second ill-fated heat is ancient history at this time, but the unanimity of the sympathy exprest by the American sporting press in the face of my unlucky upset and disappointing finish was, to me, the one bright spot in a dark, clouded sky. I seriously doubt if any visiting contestant was ever before so highly commended for what was, after all, a rather mediocre exhibition of aquatics when compared to the performances of your Helen Meany and Johnny Weismuller. The reaction of the American public to my unfortunate experience, I believe, will stand for all time as the "Farthest North" in good sportsmanship.



Acme

Britain and America Almost Neck and Neck

Crossing the starting line in the first heat of the Harmsworth Trophy races last August, won by Kaye Don in "Miss England II."

COMING to the philosophy of speed rivalry, Mr. Don tells us that people frequently ask him, "What good is effected

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by all this mania for speed? What benefit to mankind, if any, does the motor-car, airplane, or speed-boat record bring? Where does all this effort to beat the other fellow or to improve on the other fellow's time get us?" To which he responds:

The answer, it seems to me, becomes fairly obvious if we go back into the history of speed records for the motor-car and speed-boat, and, in a lesser degree, the airplane.

In the early days of the motor-car, twenty to twenty-five miles an hour was considered quite a respectable speed, and even when, as a stimulus to the motor-car industry, tourist trophy road races were introduced, few professional winners could turn in a better average than thirty-five miles an hour. After racing-tracks were constructed for motor-car events, it was considered something of a feat when cars raced at an average speed of sixty miles an hour.

Improvement in racing speeds came, of course, with the development and improvement of the racing-car, but it can not be disputed that the speed-car of yesterday is the stream-line stock car of to-day.

How many motor-car owners in America, for instance, do not, on inviting stretches of your splendid State roads, hit a speed of sixty miles or more?

And how many average less than forty-five miles an hour on long motor-car journeys?

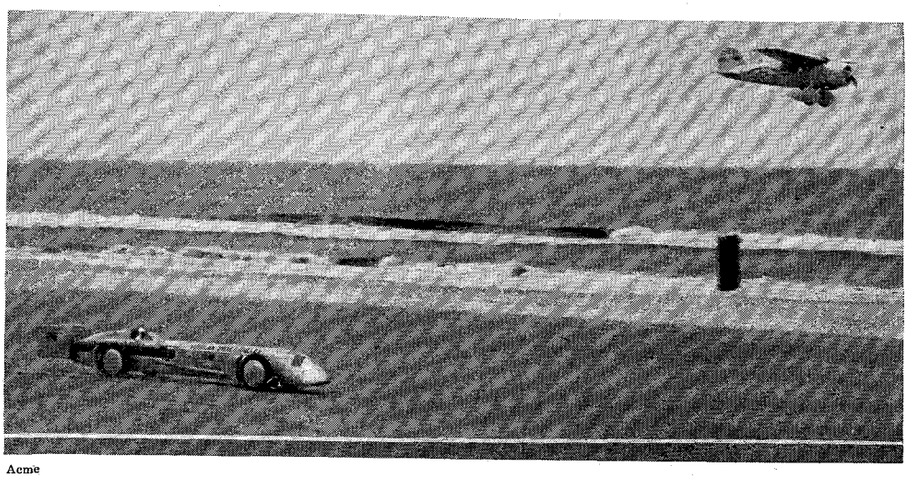
To-day there are few makers of motor-cars who could not send a stock model out on a track to do better than seventy and, possibly, something nearer to one hundred miles an hour.

I recall a cartoon in an old number of *London Opinion* in which an old Cockney, sitting in an early-vintage runabout, was looking at a traffic sign which read, "Speed limit twenty-five miles per hour." Scratching his head in perplexity, he was saying, "Strike me bloomin' well pink! Twenty-five! And this blawsted boiler o' mine cawn't do a yard more'n eighteen!" Getting up to that speed limit was his big difficulty.

THE main difficulty to-day seems to be getting down to any reasonable speed limit, Mr. Don continues, and then he leads up to his prophetic vision of grandpa loafing along with the speedometer at 100:

Rolling over the American countryside in any good standard American car to-day, one sees signs here and there on the parkways near the big cities telling of speed limits of forty miles an hour or so. Observing these, our chauffeur slows down to fifty, with a comment to the effect that the speed officers permit a driver to "get away with forty-five."

The speed races of yesterday have been largely responsible for the development of the fast automobiles of to-day. It is more than possible that, with wide, one-way roads designed to eliminate head-on collision hazards, and side roads for slow traffic, the racing-car of to-day may be the family car of to-morrow, with the jolly old grandparents doddering along at a hundred miles per hour or more and complaining at the speed of the new generation.



Acme

Speed Below Challenged by Speed Above

Kaye Don drives the "Silver Bullet" at Daytona Beach, paced by a fast plane.

The same condition applies to the development of the speed-boats during the past two decades. Indeed, water speed has advanced to such a degree that we now have diminutive craft with outboard motors which go faster than the largest Atlantic liners.

THE secret of victory, both in motors and men, according to this authority, is the capacity to hold a reserve of speed to be let out in the big emergency. In racing over measured distances, that margin of reserve speed, he tells us, is fully as important as it is in competitive racing. He recalls a case in point:

In the early spring of this year it was my good fortune to pilot the *Miss England II* to a new world's record of 103.49 miles per hour over a measured mile on the River Paraná, Argentina, topping the best of the many records held during the past decade by that wizard of the waters, Gar Wood.

Speed-boat records, like automobile records, are made over a measured mile, and, in order not to be favored by wind, tide, or other conditions, the run must be made in both directions. We made the first run with the stream, and our instruments told us we had accomplished a record on this half of the test. Turning, we found that, in addition to the flow of the stream, we had to contend with a strong beam wind which whipt up a choppy surface, the greatest of all bugbears to a speed-boat pilot. We saw what we were up against: With the record only half won, we would need to summon every ounce of power that lay in the craft.

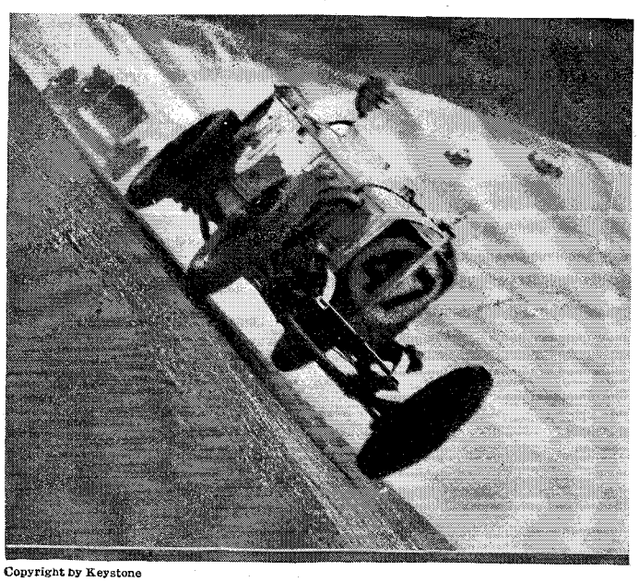
Stepping on it, we hit back through the water where our wake still showed white and foamy on the surface of the stream.

Imagine a ride over railroad-ties at top speed in a small stock-model motor-car, and you will appreciate some of the sensations of the pilot of a speed-boat guiding his craft over a choppy course at more than one hundred miles an hour.

As we passed the buoy at the start of the measured mile, teeth chattered, wrists shook on the steering-wheel, and Mother Nature justified her name by administering chastisement in the shape of a continuous thumping upon the recumbent portion of the anatomy in a way which few good, old-fashioned mortal mothers could equal.

Foot hard down, we rode back over that corrugated water surface. The engines purred like a million giant mechanical felines, the lift of our craft helped minimize the "slowness" of the water surface, and with that little reserve of speed to counteract the slower going, we were able to cover the return mile in good time, giving us our record of 103.49 miles an hour and breaking that set by Gar Wood a few weeks previously.

It was the additional fraction of speed mustered up to offset the difficulties of the second half of the run which enabled him to make this record, remarks Mr. Don.



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A Bank at Brooklands, England's Speed Track

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Motoring Hazards in the African Jungle

A VICIOUS gale was raging through the African forest.

It twisted and tore tender saplings. It shivered older and sturdier tree trunks. And at some of the huge, majestic arboreal kings of the Nigerian jungle it tugged and wrenched until they were uprooted and came crashing down thunderously, crushing all that was in their way.

No time for the timid to be abroad! Cautious men and cautious beasts had decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and had taken to cover.

But no, not all. On the road from Sapoba to Benin, "by the old trail by way of Agbor," was a notable exception. Along the narrow trail a motor-car was "speeding along as fast as the bends would permit," we read in *Travel*. Richard St. Barbe Baker, late Assistant Conservator of Forest, Kenya Colony and Nigeria, was making his way through the jungle for Benin and a party of friends, as fast as motor and wheels could take him. He tells the story of his ensuing adventure in an article on "Motoring in Equatorial Africa."

SUDDENLY disaster loomed in his path.

"I was speeding along," he writes, when "I saw just ahead of me a tall forest tree falling across my path.

"I was traveling too fast to pull up, and so I stept on the gas, and got under just in time for the forest giant to crash down across the trail behind me.

"I stopt and got out of my car, thankful to be alive.

"After saying a heartfelt '*Te Deum*,' I proceeded on my journey, only to find around the next bend a still greater obstacle in the shape of a larger tree, which had also fallen directly across my trail.

"This is the only time that I was actually trapt between two trees, and my thankfulness at having escaped alive prevented my annoyance at not being able to meet my friends from England."

FALLEN trees, Mr. Baker explains, are one of the hazards of jungle motoring. You never know when one may block your progress. Sometimes there is nothing for it but to cut through the obstacle. But now and then, when you are playing in luck, one may fall across a gully in bridge-like manner, leaving enough space beneath for you to pass through. Or, in case you don't encounter a fallen tree, you are as likely as not to run plump into a giant ant-hill, as tall as yourself. These ant-hills are another reason why the jungle motorist seldom knows dulness.

Courtesy of *The Travel Magazine*. Photograph by R. St. B. Baker

Build Your Own Motor Highway as You Go

BUT, in spite of such hazards as these, Mr. Baker assures us, "trekking in the tropics is no longer the arduous business that it once was."

Mr. Baker believes that he has probably motored farther in Africa than any of his contemporaries, and it was the exception rather than the rule for him to use the best roads. He traveled in a light car, which was invaluable in trail-breaking; and in the course of a 10,000-mile trek he was not once delayed through a breakdown or a serious accident.

Throughout the whole of his journeys, the only damage other than that necessitating tire replacement was a bent starting-handle and a few dents to a fender.

This bent starting-handle was "the result of a spectacular drop over a steep embankment," of which we are told:

I was driving from Lagos to Ibadan in the Southern Provinces of Nigeria. Rounding a sharp bend on the side of a hill, I met a loaded lorry coming toward me, completely out of control. To my right was a steep drop over an embankment, and to my left the side of a hill. The road was narrow, so that it was impossible for me to

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pull to one side. It seemed that nothing could prevent a head-on crash. An instant's delay meant positive disaster, so that almost automatically I decided to take the leap over the sheer edge, and dropt into thick bush, fifteen feet below the level of the trail. Fortunately I was unhurt.

After having cut away the bush to make a path by which to extract the car, I found to my pleasure that the engine was in order, and the car undamaged except for the bent starting-handle. So with little delay, and the help of friendly villagers a couple of miles away, I was able to bring the car up the bank on its own power. This curious fall was my most serious mishap during hundreds of miles of motor-trekking in tropical Africa.

In the course of one of my tours I conducted a party of chiefs and headmen to the Calabar Exhibition across the Niger. A convoy of cars and vans carried the chiefs, their retinues, and exhibits. I thoroughly enjoyed the keen and intelligent interest in the driving of my car shown by the Ashodi of Benin, who was my passenger. Other chiefs were owners themselves. One of them, Chief Momu of Auchi, was an all-round sportsman and the proud owner of a race-course.

THE readiness of the chiefs in adapting themselves to the use of the motor "is shown in their increasing tendency to demand a high-powered car which will become practicable as the roads improve," Mr. Baker tells us as his narrative runs on:

Already, during the past few years, thanks to the policy of the Government, there have been great developments in road improvement and construction. This is especially notable on the road from Lagos to Ibadan, and long stretches of it are now equal to any first-class roads in other parts of the world. Incidentally, the bend on the side of the hill and the scene of my adventure has been more than trebled in width, and now there is a splendid sweep upon which one can speed without fear of a collision.

Occasionally, during the tornado season in the rain-forest region, one comes across a fallen tree, but delays need not be long, for no motorist in these parts would be without a sharp ax. When a number of sturdy tribesmen arrive on the scene little time is lost in cutting a way through.

In some parts of Africa travel is very difficult, if not impossible, during the rainy season. In Nigeria, however, with a light car, one can trek right through the rains. In some cases newly cut trails are improved and hardened by a heavy downpour, and in consequence traveling is made easier. It is safe to say that on laterite and sandy soils the roads are equally good all the year round. On the low-lying grounds, where almost pure sand is met with, the roads are even heavier in the dry season.

IN the African tropics the hinterland is rapidly being opened up "through increased opportunities for the transportation of raw products to the coast," we are told further:

Automatically, cars that prove their merit will be in increasing demand, not only by the chiefs and headmen, but by others as they prosper. The primitiveness of his environment does not necessarily prevent the African native from discriminating most wisely, and when once convinced of the integrity and service rendered,

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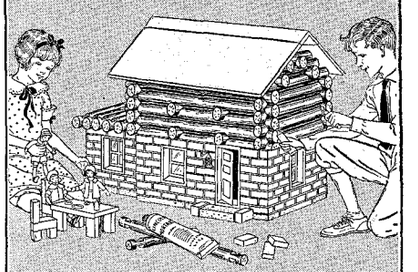

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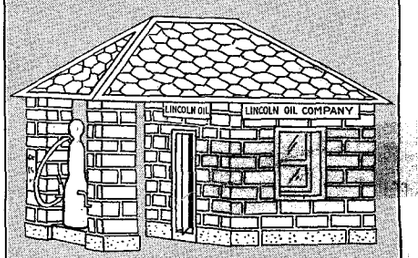

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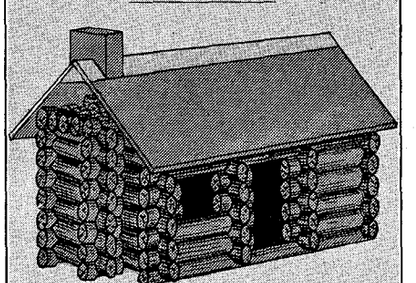

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his natural conservatism makes him loath to change.

To-day, the automobile is an accomplished fact in Africa. Whatever the season of the year, whether in torrential rains or glaring sun, in towns or trekking along tropic trails, one's car is invaluable for travel and protection. The automobile has largely eliminated human strain, and has made it possible to travel long distances in several days which formerly took as many months. The man without a car in Africa to-day, whether he be native or European, is severely handicapped.

The Ritzy All-Europe Taxi Tour

THE darting, death-defying taxis of gay Paree enjoy a world-wide fame, but less well known is another type of taxi which the French capital "might claim as peculiarly exclusive to itself." That, says an article syndicated by the Newspaper Enterprise Association, "is what is politely and haughtily termed *Grande Remise.*"

Grande Remise, it is explained, "means a large glass coach. But the term implies more than just this. It is actually a dignified, luxurious mode of travel conducted by well-mannered and socially refined drivers for wealthy patrons who wish to tour Europe in comfort."

Lined up alongside the gorgeous Opera House, on the Place de l'Opera, they await the traveler—a fine collection of high-priced automobiles, both American and European. All are enclosed, "most of them of the limousine type." Reading on:

The drivers are as fine as the cars. Since they hire out to wealthy customers, they must be versed in the manners and customs of the rich. And, since their tours often take them into other countries of Europe, they must be linguists. Most of them speak French, German, and English fluently, and many speak Italian and Spanish in addition.

Paris is usually the starting-point of a European tour. The rich American, Englishman, or German who would "do" Europe by motor goes to the Place de l'Opera and takes his pick of the line of cars.

The driver takes care of all details of the trip, arranging for passports, lodgings, and even entertainment.

Sometimes the driver brings along his dress clothes and acts as social companion to his customer.

But while he acts as "guest" he hires some one else to drive the car.

In some cases, also, when elderly women tour Europe with their daughters, the driver is asked to act as escort to restaurants, theaters, and night-clubs.

The ranks of these drivers are full of exnobility, soldiers of fortune, members of the old Russian aristocracy, and retired naval and army officers. These men realize a tidy salary from their occupation, as well as contact with and entertainment by some of the most influential business men in the world.

RATES for hiring these luxurious cars have been standardized at 18 cents a mile, the writer continues. In addition to this charge, "there is a charge of $3 a day for hotel expenses for the driver, and the cost of garaging and washing the car." Further:

This rate prevails in France only. In other countries the rate is about 22 cents a mile and $4 to $5 a day expense money for the driver.

Fluctuation of gasoline prices in European countries sometimes makes these rates a gamble for the drivers, but they generally finish with a profit. Garage rent, too, eats a big slice out of their income, as a large car can rarely be housed for less than $150 a year.

After the driver has bought his expensive car, which most of them do second-hand, his big expense is the upkeep. This item, however, is figured in the rates charged.

After an owner-driver has been on the road for two or three seasons, he acquires an international reputation. His past customers tell their friends about his good services, and they call on him whenever they get to Paris.

All is not peaches and cream for the driver, however. One fare he secures may turn out to be a human customer and treat him as an equal. On the other hand, another party may treat him as one who must be tolerated, and beneath notice.

In the latter case the trip generally proves a disappointment for all concerned.

You May Skid in Five Separate Ways: Pick Your Favorite

THE power skid, the braking skid, the steering skid, the speed skid, and the balance skid.

Each is a plague in its special way, and the problem is one that calls for serious study by the intelligent motorist.

The few simple rules that formerly served to guide the driver no longer provide a life-preserver for those in trouble, writes Frederick C. Russell in an article from the Russell Service. Cars are not only designed differently, but there are more kinds of road surface to be considered, he adds. "Skidding probably would be a closed book to-day if cars operated at speeds considered prudent ten or twenty years ago.

"*But anybody's speedometer tells a* different story."

Here Mr. Russell enumerates the five general classes of skids, and continues:

To these may be added some of the newer type skids such as develop from motor torque, side-sway, acceleration, motor compression, tire conditions, weight distribution, and adjustment of the shock-absorbers. Four-wheel brakes and balloon-tires, once important factors in minimizing skidding, no longer cover the situation. They may not even serve as reasonable safeguards.

In a recent case a car nearly upset when striking a curve at high speed on an upgrade. The road was well paved, wide, and dished. There was excellent traction, as the surface was dry and the tires brand new. Hitting the curve at fifty-five the car swayed badly. It would have upset had the day been warm, as the shock-absorbers would then have been softer and more yielding.

Thousands of drivers are forfeiting the benefits of their equalized four-wheel brakes by not throwing out the clutch in slippery weather when they go to stop. This appears to be just the reverse of the time-honored custom of letting the engine help slow down the car. The trouble to-day is that because of higher compression

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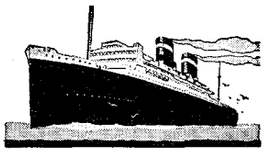

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the engine applies too much braking power through the rear wheels, thus increasing rear-wheel braking out of proportion to needs.

INCORRECT use of the engine is being cited by driving-experts as one of the chief causes of present skidding accidents and as the point which the careful driver needs to watch most, says Mr. Russell, explaining:

Failure to consider the proper use of the low "low" of a four-speed transmission may induce a skid. While it is true that these extremely low gears are for use in special situations, usually hazardous ones, they may be the cause of trouble if the driver does not realize that such gearing should not be used when traction is poor.

High gear should be used for starting over glare ice, and intermediate if the road surface is oily or slimy from dirt moistened with a light rain or snow.

The low "low" is most useful where the driver wishes to proceed with unusual caution, and without any possibility of stalling the engine, providing traction is reasonably good.

Free-wheeling has greatly changed the picture with respect to skidding. If brakes are kept in good condition, skidding is less marked a tendency provided the driver does not complicate matters through bad steering and unreasonable speed. The explanation lies in the fact that the engine does not add braking power to the rear wheels, and thus does not upset braking equalization.

Many cars still have too high a proportion of braking distribution on the rear wheels. Even where distribution is 50 per cent. front and rear, the addition of the engine's compression-braking may raise rear-wheel braking to too high a degree, thus encouraging sliding.

It may, therefore, be poor policy to shift into conventional gear when the need for a sudden stop arises. This will depend on the speed of the car, its weight distribution, brake equalization, and traction. Usually if the streets are slippery any such sudden use of the engine's compression will start a slide and possibly a skid. Tests have shown that where cars swing their weight forward freely on a sudden stop, the rear wheels tend to lift off the ground and lose traction. Obviously it is better to stop such a car while it is in free-wheeling rather than to shift it to conventional.

FOR a sudden stop on an up-grade, shifting to conventional may help, we are told. "Weight does not tip forward so freely and the rear wheels maintain their traction to better advantage." Reading on:

It has been found that cars with free-wheeling tend to have better-cared-for brakes. This is the natural result of the drivers' greater dependency on brakes for all deceleration. The tendency is for drivers who freewheel to have less trouble with skidding, unless they make the mistake of misjudging their speed. When a car coasts the driver is apt to think he is going slower because of the absence of noise and motor vibration.

He must also be careful where he coasts and under what weather conditions.

A skilful driver can tell when his brakes are locked, or if his tires are not getting traction, but if the less experienced operator ever is in doubt, he has but to glance at the speedometer. If the dial suddenly drops to zero the rear wheels have locked.

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Why Southern California Won

THE TREMENDOUS TROJANS WERE LICKED, but they didn't know it.

"Worn, half-whipt," you might have called them as they trailed Notre Dame into the fourth quarter at the small end of a 14 to 0 score.

But, as Arch Ward tells us in the Chicago *Tribune*, they refused to be "worn, half-whipt." Instead, they loosed a typhoon of crashing, smashing football, and with it they brought a great gridiron machine crashing and smashing to the ground, in unaccustomed, spectacular defeat.

Or, in fewer words, the University of Southern California defeated Notre Dame 16 to 14 because it fought. Notre Dame lost not because of failure to fight, but because of failure to fight enough. A multitude of critics are now uniting to point out the lesson to be derived from the defeat.

Notre Dame was "far from the fighting Irish type, when Howard Jones's Trojans got hitting on all eleven cylinders in the last period of play," says Tom Thorpe in the New York *Evening Journal*. "No one would have thought it was possible for any team to tally at a greater rate of speed than a point a minute against a Notre Dame squad. This Southern California did without much trouble.

"Notre Dame has no excuses. The Trojans simply outplayed them during the last fifteen minutes in a manner which left no room for alibis. 'Old Rock,' looking down from above, must have wept with tears of genuine sorrow when he saw his former Irish playmates being pushed around. It has been years since any team has been able to manhandle the Irish as Southern California did."

And in the New York *Sun* Francis Powers reproves the Irish thus:

Going into the fourth period with a lead of two touch-downs, Notre Dame seemed a bit too content with their position, and underestimated the fighting qualities of the Trojans. Then, when the Southern California attack began to develop, Notre Dame assisted in its own defeat by interference plays that were patent to all spectators, and quite unnecessary.

IT was U. S. C., oddly enough, that gave Notre Dame her last beating, in 1928. Since that defeat the Irish piled up a series of twenty-five games without one defeat, and only one tie—in the Northwestern game this year. And another victory seemed to be on the books in the U. S. C. game. Notre Dame swept into the final period riding high on the jubilant peak of a 14 to 0 lead, Harry Cross tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune*. "The 55,000 spectators who filled the new football arena for the first time since it was built a year ago, sat back after cheering themselves hoarse, joyful in the apparent satisfaction that here was another magnificent gridiron machine.

"But they reckoned not on the fierce, unrelenting rally which was slumbering within the Trojans. They had driven the Ramblers without quarter throughout the afternoon only to have their own atrocious fumbling defeat their purpose. Suddenly the full shock of Southern California fury was turned loose, and in fifteen minutes of swift, irresistible football, their rally chopped down the Notre Dame lead."

And the end thereof was the Trojans' victory.

Wide World

The Baker Who Cooked the Irish Goose

Johnny kicked the goal that gave the Trojans victory.

THE U. S. C. team, according to Mr. Cross in an analysis of the contest, is one of the best balanced elevens developed among American colleges for a long time. Continuing this critical summing up:

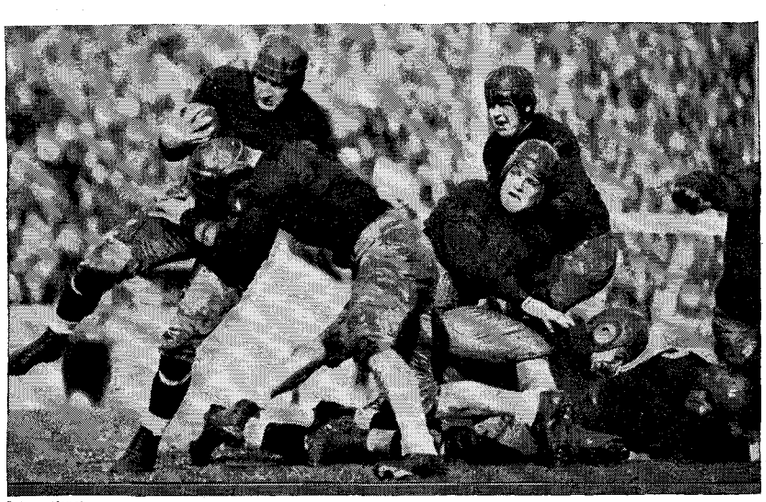
It possest not only splendid physical material, but it had speed, stamina, and power.

Its extensive assortment of plays included every kind of maneuver to meet any given situation. The Trojans were an impressive football unit.

The boys from the West Coast had remarkable speed for youths of such large stature. With other things being equal, to beat a team of Notre Dame's high standard, it was absolutely necessary to have speed. This the Trojans had. It was the thing which upset Notre Dame's timing, the one essential needed to make its complicated plays run smoothly.

That good legs are a great requisite to football has always been admitted by the coaches. It was the power of the Trojans' legs which enabled them to concentrate on the fourth-period drive which brought them victory. Their stamina was remarkable.

Few high-grade football teams have ever been equipped with the offensive and defensive weapons that Southern California possest.



International

Dished Within a Yard of the Goal Line

Banas, of Notre Dame, has the ball. Trojan Hawkins brought him down.

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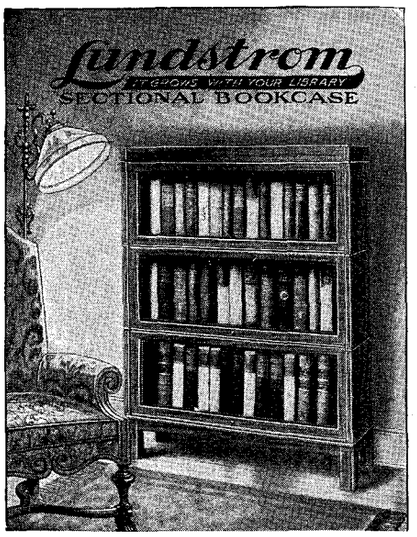

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The line and the backs were quick to charge. So quick, indeed, did they come at the Notre Dame players that the South Bend team was unable much of the time to avoid the most grueling sort of contact in a diagonal charge.

The fierce-charging and hard-tackling Trojans nullified the usual cleverness of the Notre Dame defense, and early in the game the Ramblers were forced to adopt the same type of terrific smashing contact and after that the contest became an outstanding spectacle of two perfectly charging, evenly matched football teams.

Shaver and Mohler alternated in the quarter-back duties. Shaver carried the ball twenty-four times for a total of sixty-four yards. Mohler carried it twenty-one times for thirty-two yards. Musick, Mallory, and Pinckert also carried well, but not with the success of the two quarter-backs. Closely walled in by the Trojan shift, which brought a mass of interferers against the left side of the Notre Dame line, Shaver and Mohler worked in perfect harmony with their interferers in all plays. The coordination of movement in the Trojan attack was even better timed than Notre Dame's.

ALTHO defeated, "Notre Dame came out of the fray with much credit," Mr. Cross says in conclusion:

Even against the Trojans' power and speed there was no time when the Notre Dame organization was upset.

The skill and agility of Marchmont Schwartz could not be subdued even in the face of as teeming and as versatile an attack as any Notre Dame team has ever faced. He was the best ground gainer of the day, and carrying the ball eighteen times he gained eighty-four yards, an average of almost five yards a rush. Banas carried the ball eleven times for a total of sixty-seven yards, and Brancheau carried in four rushes for a gain of twenty yards.

In the Chicago *Tribune*, Arch Ward tells us how the lads from sunny California unleashed the "point-scoring whirlwind" and turned the tide to win "one of the most brilliant victories in gridiron history." With less than one minute to play and the score 14 to 13 in favor of Notre Dame, "the Trojans gambled everything on one play and won." Reading on:

The ball was on Notre Dame's twelve-yard line, third down and ten yards to go for a first down.

It rested directly in front of the goal posts.

Orvil Mohler, quarter-back, surveyed the situation coolly and then ordered a kick from placement. Johnny Baker, a senior guard playing his third game against Notre Dame, was chosen to make the attempt.

Defeat or victory depended upon his execution of the play.

Either the Trojans were going back to Los Angeles defeated by one point or they were to return triumphant by two. If Baker was nervous, his looks belied him utterly.

The ball came back from center—a perfect pass. Mohler quickly placed it in position for the kick.

Up through the gathering dusk the ball sailed truly. White-sleeved arms of Referee Birch shot straight upward, indicating triumph.

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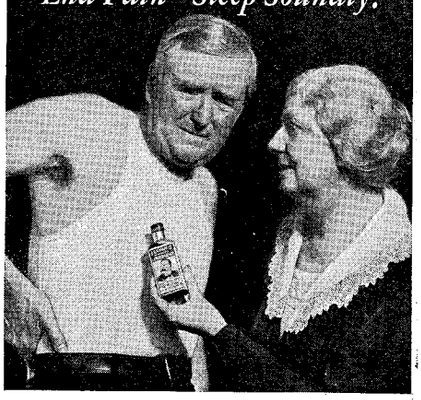

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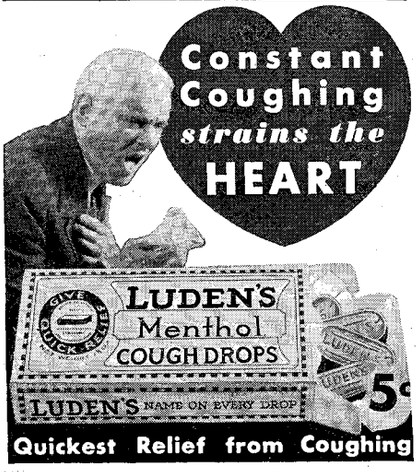

Picking a Name for Baby is a Cinch Beside This

HAVE you a little football team to name? Some gridiron eleven to assign to its proper zoological or botanical classification?

Well, you might call it the Bulldogs. That always makes athletes swell with pride. But don't forget and call it just the Dogs, Westbrook Pegler warns us in the Chicago *Tribune*. Or if you do, duck in a hurry.

There is an odd contradiction here, says Mr. Pegler. Of the problem of name-picking in general, the writer tells us:

The preference runs largely to animals, altho two New York teams, New York University and City College, are named for the demurest of flowers, the violet and the lavender, respectively.

Up to now no clubs have been named for any of the more prominent vegetables, which seems a strange oversight, for there would be dignity and substance in such a name as the Hot Potatoes or the Fiery Horse-Radishes. Princeton's team is known as the Tigers and also as the Orange, a compliment to the fruit family; but, yes, we have no bananas, and I do not recall any other team which is named after a variety of fruit.

The Kansas team is sometimes referred to erroneously by provincial Eastern writers as the Cornflowers, but that is merely a confusion of terms, for Nebraskans are known as the Cornhuskers, and Kansas as the Sunflower State.

YALE, Georgia, and Drake University of Des Moines, Iowa, are known as the Bulldogs. There are at leas three teams known as the Bears—California, Brown, and Baylor of Texas. Further:

There are the Lions of Columbia and Penn State; Wisconsin's team is called the Badgers, and Michigan, named for the Wolverine, will explain, with a mildly boastful meaning, that the Wolverine is something like a badger, but bigger and meaner.

The Florida boys call themselves proudly after the alligator, and the team from Southern Methodist is known as the Mustangs.

But the University of Texas is known variously as the Longhorns and the Steers, the latter being the more convenient form for copy-readers, who can not work in rubber type, and have to economize in letters. The school prefers the term Longhorn, but if the founding fathers of the university had only known something about the practical problem of fitting a name into a newspaper head, they might have chosen Lobo or Gila, both short and indigenous to their country.

The United States Military Academy has not exploited the symbolic Army Mule beyond parading the same, usually a mule borrowed or rented from a near-by Army post or ash-hauling contractor, in the ceremonies preceding its football games. Yet the mule is as much of the Army as Sherman and Pershing.

Various agricultural colleges call themselves by the rather effeminate name of Aggies when it would seem more appropriate to celebrate the squash, the pumpkin, or the turnip, as Princeton does the orange. Or, considering their serious study of the diet and social habits of farm animals, they might select their names from among these subjects.

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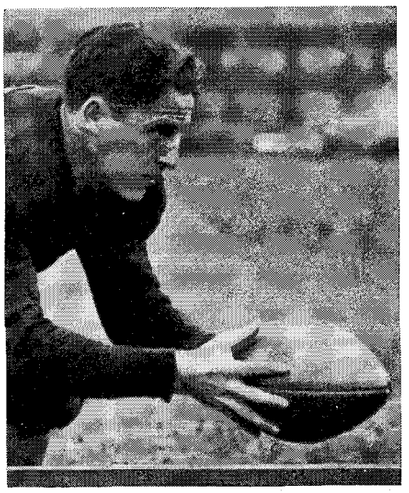
Albie Booth Brings "Frank Merriwell" to Life

SIXTY thousand football fans held their breath as a little man standing on Harvard's fourteen-yard line all alone waited for the ball.

Three minutes were left to play in the fiftieth varsity football game between Harvard and Yale. The score (as it always should be at this point in an exciting football story) was 0 to 0.

Sixty thousand fans, tense with unbearable excitement, wriggled forward to the very edges of their seats. But they might have sat back at ease and drawn deep untroubled breaths, for the little man on the fourteen-yard line was none other than our old friend, *Frank Merriwell*, Yale's legendary hero, come to life to save the day for Alma Mater. And *Frank Merriwell*, as everybody knows, always wins his football game.



Keystone

A Pint-Size "Frank Merriwell"

Yale men, their hearts in their mouths, watch the pigskin plop into *Frank Merriwell's* hands, according to George Trevor's account in the New York *Sun*. "They live a lifetime as he tilts it to the correct angle, drops it to the turf and swings his chunky leg. It seems as tho that ball will never rise.

"It's up! It climbs like a gull. It soars proudly, a dark spot against that opalescent patch of sky—an iridescent sky such as Hopkinson Smith liked to paint in his water colors of Venice.

"Shorty Miller, field judge, throws both arms aloft. Goal!"

So *Frank Merriwell* won another game for Yale.

Or, call him Albie Booth if you like. After all, that's his real name.

But the important thing is that with the game nearly done he scored the goal that made the score 3 to 0 for the Blue. It was another of those last-minute victories that make for gridiron legend. It was, incidentally, Yale's first victory over Harvard since 1927.

Albie Booth is likened to *Frank Merriwell* not in derision, but in honest admiration by Mr. Trevor.

The 60,000 persons who gazed down from the cavernous maw of Harvard Stadium, he assures us, saw Burt L. Standish's fictional hero materialize in the pint-size person of Albert Booth, Jr. True, "Albie, is only a vest-pocket edition of 'infallible *Frank*,' but what are fifty pounds and five inches, more or less, when Booth comes through in the pinch with a typical *Merriwell* finish?" Reading on:

It was a football drama after Standish's own heart—the kind of story we cut our teeth on as children. The hero, thwarted and frustrated for three years by the machinations of the "Red Villains," finally casts off the winding sheets of an inferiority complex and, with three minutes to go in the big game, boots the goal that wins for Yale. Now we ask you—could *Frank Merriwell* himself have turned the trick more deftly?

In the Parker House dining-room on the night before the game a Harvard wag gave the bell captain a dollar to page "*Frank Merriwell* of Yale." Jeers and hoots from cocksure Crimson diners greeted that familiar and faintly derisive name. The handful of Yale men present looked self-conscious and somewhat fussed. Hoping for the best, they nevertheless, feared the worst. Like Virginia, of *Sun* editorial fame, they had begun to suspect that there was no Santa Claus, or rather no *Frank Merriwell*.

Such things happen only in story books, they said to themselves. Twenty-four hours later, when the orchestra struck up "Boola" in that same oaken dining-room, and Yale glasses were raised in a victory toast, those doubting Thomases felt ashamed of their misgivings. The sublime, unreasoning faith of childhood was renewed.

"GET off the Yale fence you bestrode so jauntily on the official football program, John Harvard, and make room for Albert J. Booth, Jr.!" says Mr. Trevor, addressing Yale's rival. "You had your fling, Old Jonathan; a three-year victory jamboree that looked as tho it might be prolonged indefinitely." Continuing Mr. Trevor's apostrophe:

You held a chattel mortgage on that knife whittled fence, but Albie Booth has "cleared" the elm shaded relic with a drop kick that arched high above your own crossbar. The little codger, whom you laughed at behind your Beacon Hill hand, has the last laugh. In fact, he has a sliver of your goal post in his pocket to-day.

For your part, you won't forget him in a hurry. Three years in a row you stopt him cold; three times you drubbed the teams of which he was the shining star.

Then came the fourth meeting, John Harvard, and lo, the tables were turned. Now it was your fate to be made favorite at the foolish odds of 10 to 6. Defending an unbeaten and untied record you wanted to win this game more than any of the preceding climax matches. For fifty-seven minutes you smothered Booth at every turn—then with no worse than a tie facing you, Albie cut loose a telling forward pass and followed it with a drop kick. It only goes to show that you can't keep a good man down—even if he is no bigger than your thumb.

DOES YOUR CHILD ASK YOU these QUESTIONS ?

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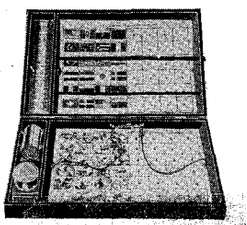

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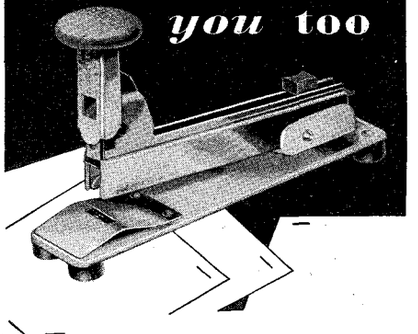

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To Plan, or Not to Plan

THAT'S THE QUESTION THAT HAS BEEN agitating economists, financiers, leaders of labor and business, to say nothing of mere journalists, for many months.

We are being told on every hand that by planning ahead we can avert depressions, or, to use more technical language, eliminate the business cycle. Of the numerous more or less radical plans of this kind that have been brought forward, eight are summarized below.

A Senate committee headed by Mr. La Follette has been studying plans to stabilize business through a National Economic Council, and it will be remembered that so distinguished a banker as Mr. Albert H. Wiggin told the committee that "nothing will prevent the recurrence of business troubles at intervals."

Mr. Wiggin bases this on the assumption that "human nature is human nature."

But "business is business" would seem to be the basis of Mr. Ralph Borsodi's argument in *Advertising and Selling* that we can't set up any plan that will keep an industry on its feet without a despotism like Soviet Russia's, repugnant to every American tradition of liberty.

And then one of the planners, Prof. Charles A. Beard, comes right back at Mr. Borsodi in the pages of *Advertising and Selling*, to deny his contention that economic planning would "throttle" individual liberty of business men and consumers:

Undoubtedly it would restrain this "Liberty" in the interest of security, steadiness of development, and avoiding the recurring calamity of unemployment and misery for millions.

For example, if railroads are necessary to the economic life of the country (and they are), then the restraint of motor competition on free highways (built partly out of the taxation of railroads) is in the long-term public interest.

Now for Mr. Borsodi's argument.

His main point is that we can not legislate prosperity, we can not "plan" our "sick" industries, such as cotton, wheat, and coal, back into health. Taking agriculture, coal, and textiles as industries that have been "sick" for a number of years, the writer calls attention to the well-known distress of farmers, coal-operators and miners, and textile concerns. Naturally, those who produce these "so-called basic commodities" feel that they are entitled to an adequate return on their labor and capital. So, all those who are prescribing for these sick industries—business men, economists, or politicians—"assume that they are entitled to prosperity." "Which is absurd," flatly declares Mr. Borsodi—

Agriculture and coal and textiles are no more entitled to the enjoyment of a perpetual prosperity than human beings are

Eight "Economic Stabilization Plans"

As summarized in "The Swope Plan," by J. George Frederick (Business Bourse, New York)

Plan	*Effective Power Provided*	*Government Regulation Provided*	*Anti-Trust Law Amendments*	*Unemployment Plan*	*Other Provisions*
Swope Plan	Trade Associations, membership in which is compulsory after three years for companies with fifty or more employees. Rulings mandatory.	Continuous regulation by Federal Trade Commission or other body.	Amendment probably necessary.	Elaborate provision for life and disability insurance, pensions, and unemployment insurance.	Standardized forms for quarterly financial reports to stockholders. Plans to stabilize price and equalize production with consumption.
U. S. Chamber of Commerce Plan	National Economic Council; power not mandatory, but suggestive.	No regulation.	Limited amendment urged as desirable.	Local aid urged, and individual corporation plans, with definite reserves. Public works planning.	Steps to disarmament. Curb on manipulative speculation.
American Federation of Labor Plan	National Economic Council; power not mandatory, but suggestive. Development of more scientific plan of production.	No regulation.	Amendment strongly urged.	National Conference to spread jobs; maintenance of wages; guaranties of jobs; long-range stabilization plans.	Five-day week and shorter day immediately; prohibition of child labor; gigantic program public building; stronger employment agencies.
"Forum" Plan (Jay Franklin)	"U. S. Incorporated"; 5 per cent. of corporation and partnership control of stock of all business to be turned over to Government for five years. Key industries to be grouped into regional or national monopolies. Dividends to citizens later issued in form of consumption goods at cost.	Regulation through "Treasury Bureau of Corporations"; also "Federal Forecasting" Bureau; and "Federal Trade Board."	Amendment or annulment.	Organization of "State Labor Militia" and "Standing Labor Army" of unemployed; production quotas and wages fixt by regulatory bodies.	Revision of income tax; heavier in higher brackets; development of great national waterways, international gold conference; Congress to revise Federal Reserve and anti-trust laws to compel membership in Reserve of all interstate banks, guarantee deposits.
Stuart Chase's Plan	"Peace Industries Board"; revival of War Industries Board for Ten-Year Plan; seven members; using coercive, mandatory power; confined to twenty or thirty basic, necessary industries.	Continuous regulation and review.	Amendment permitting combination.	National employment bureaus, reduction of hours, unemployment insurance, gradual raising of wages; allocation of labor.	Suggested absorption of Federal Trade Commission, Interstate Commerce Commission, Federal Reserve Board, Federal Power Commission, etc.
Mathew Woll-James W. Gerard Plan for National Civic Federation	"Business Congress" of all existing industrial organizations, in continuous session. No limitations or restrictions; full and complete power, even to fix prices or combine. Ten-Year Plan.	Continuous regulation and review.	Amendment required.	Unemployment insurance plan set up under cooperation of labor and industry.	Raising of average industrial wage.
Prof. Charles A. Beard's Plan	"National Economic Council," authorized by Congress, to coordinate the highly concentrated industries in finance, operation, distribution, on the basis that business is public service enterprise. Also "Board of Strategy and Planning." Each industry governed by subsidiary syndicates.	Continuous regulation.	Amendment as required.	Use of unemployed on housing and public project programs.	Congress to organize Agricultural and Housing Syndicates at once.
Associated General Contractors of America Plan	Grant by Congress of greater power to Federal Reserve Board. Bond issues to be authorized for Revolving Fund for specific construction and improvements; bond issues also for increasing public and semi-public construction. Federal Reserve to guarantee solvency of banks and force hoarded capital to circulate. Public debt retirement to be deferred.	Greater degree of financial regulation; licensing of contractors; establishment construction credit bureaus.	No amendment required.	Stimulation of employment through greater building and construction activity.	Issuance of State bonds for public buildings; development of home loan banks; propaganda to educate public that increased public services mean increased taxes.

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entitled to the enjoyment of a perpetual youth.

These three are not entitled to prosperity any more than were scores of industries, rarely discust at this time because they are not so large or because they have been forgotten, which have suffered and still suffer from the same sort of sickness. The wagon industry (Studebaker was originally the name of a wagon); the lamp-chimney industry (remember Macbeth lamp chimneys?); the trolley-car industry; the linen industry; the petticoat industry (Heatherbloom petticoats were famous once); the hairnet and human-hair industry; the carpet-sweeper industry (of which Bissell's was the leader); the phonograph industry; the ice industry—these are only a few of the less important "sick" industries of recent times.

INDEED, Mr. Borsodi feels that many industries now prosperous are doomed in their turn to decline:

The railroad industry, the canning industry, and the sugar-refining industry—to mention only a few which are suggestive of a greater number and variety—are virtually certain sooner or later to pass through the cycle from prosperity to depression, and as a result of precisely the same causes which made those older industries do so and which are to-day producing the "sickness" of agriculture, coal, and textiles.

The automobile is to-day doing to the railroad what the railroad many years ago did to the canal-boat and the stage-coach. The refrigerating industry is threatening to destroy the market for canned goods, while the chemical industry is developing products which may ultimately replace sugar.

It is a mistake to say that the agricultural, coal and textile industries are basic. Wheat looms large in the economy of our industrialized agriculture, but we can live very comfortably without ever buying a single loaf of bread, as the Chinese and Japanese demonstrate that it is possible to do.

Industries are entitled to life and to prosperity only as long as they furnish us with what we desire economically.

Whenever we, the ultimate consumers, decide to use crude oil for fuel instead of coal, or to wear rayon for clothes instead of silk or wool or cotton; or decide to secure more economically the products which our industrialized agriculture offers us (by raising our own fruits and vegetables instead of buying them canned at the stores), then the claim of any of these industries for support at the expense of society is tantamount to a demand for a dole or an old-age pension.

COMING back to the three industries with which we started, Mr. Borsodi thinks they are not sick but they have merely entered upon the inevitable period of old age. "All three have been overmechanized; all three have been overextended; and all three are confronted with the displacement of their former places in the market by new products and new industries."

What can be done about it, the writer doesn't know—

There is nothing visible on the horizon which will restore to agriculture, for instance, the income which it used to receive

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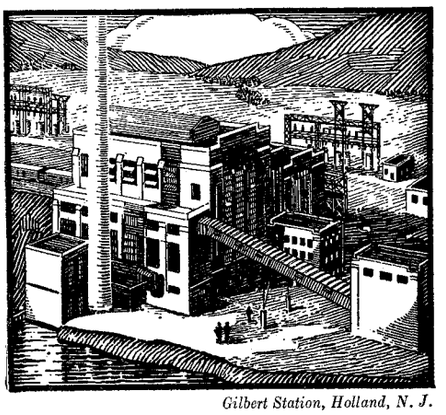

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when horses and hay and feed, instead of automobiles and gasoline furnished the motive power for individual transportation.

In the case of coal its displacement by oil for heating purposes, and by gasoline and electricity for power purposes, may be expected to increase for many years to come, thus aggravating the present difficulties of the coal-miners and the mine-operators.

As for textiles, the menace of new fibers such as weighted silk and rayon, and of the smaller quantities and lighter weights of fabrics worn—owing to the shift of population from the country to the city, owing to the change from stove and fireplace heating to central heating, owing to the decline in outdoor work and the increase in indoor work—shows no sign of decreasing.

We have tried things like tariffs, mass production, high wages, and price-fixing. But none of these things are cures. Restrict production for an industry and it creates a market for the product of other industries; raise prices and the competitive industry triumphs. So this is Mr. Borsodi's conclusion:

If we try to force prosperity upon our "sick" industries through planning along the lines practised by our War Industries Board during the World War, we will add one more failure to the previous failures to "cure" them unless we follow the dictatorial policy of Russia, and either forbid the manufacture of newer or better or cheaper products which might replace those of the older industries, or ration the quantity of the new products which individuals may buy.

We will have to stop the manufacture of oil-burners because of the injury their use inflicts upon the coal industry.

We will have to ration the quantity of milk and vegetables which each family buys in order to make sure that it consumes its quota of wheat bread.

Obviously such a course commits us to the abandonment of two basic American principles: the principle of personal liberty in matters economic, and the principle of encouraging progress and invention.

The desirability and the practicability of sacrificing these principles is something which those who advocate centralized planning as a cure for the ills of our "sick" industries have thus far failed to consider.

"Economic planning" might prolong the life of our "sick" industries, but would at the same time stunt many young and "coming" industries. And by its very nature it would throttle the thing that the American business man most prizes, and which the American consumer now enjoys but would have to be deprived of, were economic planning adopted, supplied with teeth, and really made to function. I refer to individual liberty.

The Story of Roan Antelope

If an explorer in Africa hadn't been hungry, and if he hadn't shot a buck antelope, and if that buck hadn't kicked up a lot of dirt in its dying struggles, well, there would have been two-fifths less copper in the world for American producers to worry about, and there wouldn't be that rather picturesquely named stock on the New York Curb Market list.

It seems that the chairman of Roan Antelope, Ltd., at a New York dinner of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, told the story of how those great copper-ore deposits in northern Rhodesia were first brought to light. This is the report of the incident as told in the financial columns of the New York *Times:*

An explorer named Collier was preparing to pitch a tent, late one evening, in 1905. He saw a buck, and, needing food, shot the animal, and in its dying struggle it kicked up the ground, uncovering the deposits now known as the Roan Antelope Mine.

The point at which the buck was killed is one end of the copper vein which is a syncline. The other end is about ten miles away, and the depth in the center is about 3,000 feet.

From this discovery the growth of the known copper-ore reserves in northern Rhodesia has been spectacular, amounting now to about 500,000,000 tons of ore averaging 4 per cent. copper, or about 20,000,000 tons of metallic reserves. The known reserves of the entire world are estimated at 52,000,000 tons of the metal, so that approximately two-fifths of the total is due directly and indirectly to the killing of buck roan antelope.

Having in mind the present glut of copper, American producers regret now that Mr. Collier did not shoot a rabbit instead of an antelope. The rabbit would not have uncovered the ore deposit.

Not So Many Bank Failures

"An enormous influence in turning the business tide"—at least if it keeps up—will be the decline in the number of bank failures during recent weeks.

So declares the New York *Journal of Commerce*, as it calls attention to *The American Banker's* figures, showing that since the early part of October, banking suspensions have been steadily dwindling in number.

Consider the record for October and the first three weeks of November.

It begins with the peak number of 166 for October's first week, then, 119, 112, 79, 67, 34; and in the third week of November only 18, the smallest total for several months. And during this week when only 18 banks failed, 10 closed banks were reopened. As we read in the news columns of *The Journal of Commerce:*

The sharp curtailment in the number of banking suspensions is ascribed chiefly to the checking of the hoarding movement following the publication of President Hoover's plan for aiding weak banks, and the subsequent formation of the National Credit Corporation. The psychological effect of the formation of this corporation has been so great to date that, altho it has actually made but small advances, its major purpose of halting the bank-failure epidemic has been accomplished to date.

We probably don't realize how serious have been the social and business effects of the epidemic of bank failures, suggests this newspaper editorially. And it calls attention to some of the less evident aspects of the situation:

One is the present necessity faced by many business firms all over the country of keeping large amounts of till money on hand.

This results in part from the closing down of banking facilities in many communities, and also from the practise of many banks everywhere of refusing to give immediate credit on deposited checks because of uncertainty over the status of the paying banks.

While this latter practise would appear to be called for under all conditions, reports from several communities indicate that many banks have only recently changed their policy in this respect, so that customers who had been accustomed to draw immediately on deposited checks now must wait before doing so, and hence need a larger volume of cash on hand to meet maturing bills.

Liquidation of failed bank assets is a serious obstacle also to recovery in the security, real-estate, and other open markets.

The sharp curtailment in the number of bank failures constitutes, therefore, an important favorable factor in any survey of the present business outlook.

Should this improved condition persist, it will mean that one great obstacle to a general recovery in business will have been removed.

Not only will purchasing power be maintained and collections improved, but currency hoarding will diminish, cash needs of smaller businesses will become less, and the pressure of liquidation of assets by State banking departments will be curtailed.

New Language in Wall Street

Wall Street is learning to edit its language under the admonitory eye of the Stock Exchange, notes a writer in the financial section of the New York *Times*. He says:

One of the important commission houses has been on the carpet recently because its market-letter writer ascribed a spell of weakness in the railway shares to "raiding" operations. The Exchange's business conduct committee demanded proof that raiding had taken place. The house was let off with a warning, and its literature in the future, it may be assumed, will be cut to the new pattern: safe and sane even if less entertaining.

The Exchange, obviously sensitive on the subject of bear raids, concerning which there has been a great deal of loose talk, has undertaken to give its member firms a lesson in linguistic deportment. It set the first example by abandoning the archaic term "sales," and substituting for it "transactions" in reporting the daily volume of business. "Sales" was an offensive connotation, it seemed. One might suppose, upon reading that the exchange reported sales of, say, 2,000,000 shares, that there was no buying. Hence the change. There are other nuances. For instance, one does not speak of reduced earnings, but of "business readjustments." Dividends are not omitted, but postponed, and so on.

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Depression-born Go-getters

AMONG other results of the business depression has been the creation of a new race of business leaders.

So reflects *The Commercial West*, noting how the eventful months since 1929 "have washed up many men—men who stood at the forefront of things during the happy days of pre-business upheaval."

As the Minneapolis weekly continues:

When things were whooping along, it was easy to be an industrial leader.

Most any man, placed in power, could get by.

But when the crash came these men who really did not have the goods were soon uncovered. It took a man of brains—business brains—and capability, and understanding of other men, and actual knowledge of goods and merchandising, and short-cuts in finance and manufacturing to handle things. Hence the pompous incompetents began to find themselves in the lists of the unemployed, along with the men and women and boys they had bossed.

Most of the leaders of this type, we read on, "have been passed in the race by the men whose short-lived masters they were."

The winner in these months of savage battling for existence has been the man with brains and initiative. And no matter what his previous station, he has been showing his true colors. This man, we are told "was not a beggar; he was not a procrastinator; he did not wait for something to come his way." Rather—

He went out like a man and compelled a living for himself and his family. He sold apples; he sold anything he could sell, house to house, office to office. He dug in the ditch when there were ditches to dig and he could beat another man to the job. And it is really surprizing how well some of these men, who wouldn't give up, have done.

In particular the story is told of a man who came into the writer's office to sell boxes of candy for Christmas gifts. He had persistence, not the offensive kind, but "the kind that gets you interested in spite of yourself." Before the depression he had been a mechanic. The time came when the only job he could get hold of was selling this candy on commission. So he studied the city of Minneapolis, made out a list of most likely buyers, and contracted with a candy manufacturer to sell 1,500 boxes before Christmas. When he came into the magazine writer's office he had sold 1,100 and had recontracted, at better commission, to sell 2,500.

The writer for *The Commercial West* bets that he will do it. It seems that he has now employed two or three girls to sell for him so that he has a real business and—"when this man gets a salesman's job, and he will soon, he is going to be a humdinger." And so our writer concludes:

We know a number of men who have made good since hard times hit them. One left a white-collar job to unload freight in the railroad yards, and now he is head of the department with a job that pays three times what he was getting as a clerk.

It's my guess that some of the softies who have been living off relatives and on charity are going to have a mighty tough time competing with these go-getters when new jobs are in the offing.

More Christmas Savers Than Ever

"WHAT shall we say of the fundamental plight of a country in which, during a year of serious business recession, the savings of a portion of the people permitted to accumulate for the prime purpose of making Christmas gifts, amounts to the prodigious sum of $600,000,000?"

The question is put by the Albany *News* as it considers the total distribution recently announced by the Christmas clubs. All this money, similarly reflects the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "will be put in circulation before the end of the year":

That is what it has been accumulated for. It will enable its owners to buy things for which they have been waiting until this season. Before it has finished its work it will be distributed widely in wages, in payment for manufactured articles and raw materials, in freight and express, in taxes and in interest on borrowed money, and in no one knows how many other ways.

The sum of a trifle less than $600,000,000 distributed to Christmas club members, this year, compares with $612,000,000 in 1930 and $600,000,000 in 1929. But it will go to 12,000,000 members as compared with 11,000,000 last year and 9,000,000 the year before. These facts are given to the press by Herbert F. Rawll, president of Christmas Club. The average sum disbursed is slightly under $50. New York State reports the largest total, Nantucket the largest per capita. Mr. Rawll explains that "while several individual institutions in many sections of the country report an actual increase over last year, and outstanding in this group are the mutual savings banks in New York and New England, curtailed pay-rolls in industrial centers and distress withdrawals in practically all sections have occasioned a reduction of about 6 per cent. in the total for the entire country as compared with last year's figures."

The Christmas Club has arranged a campaign, it seems, involving the cooperating with merchants, newspapers, and banks in order to insure the wise spending of the Christmas Club money, and "it is the belief of those identified with this plan that a slow and steady recovery to normal conditions will be accomplished by a logical approach to a subnormal buying public to spend wisely, not extravagantly, according to its present ability."

Referred to Professor Einstein.—"We really should get a new car this year."

"What, when I'm still paying instalments on the car I exchanged for the car I sold in part payment of the car I've got now?"—*Passing Show* (*London*).

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Power of Repose.—"Henry, do you love me still?"

"Yes—better than any other way."—*Florida Times-Union.*

Place of Honor.—SHE—"Did you get hurt when you were on the eleven?"

JACK—"No; it was while the eleven were on me."—*Boston Transcript.*

Opening Up the Big Game.—"What's your husband working on now?" the chemist's wife was asked.

"Anti-freeze solution that can be put into bank assets," replied his wife.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

No Grade Crossings There, Brother.—A train in England, the Cheltenham Flier, travels 77 miles per hour. Motorists at grade crossings are going to find it hard to hit.—*Life.*

One on His Ancestor.—Lord Cornwallis chuckled at the celebration at Yorktown where his ancestor was captured 150 years ago. Maybe he was just seeing the joke.—*St. Paul News.*

Worth Patenting.—"So that new girl of yours is lazy?"

"Lazy! Why, the other morning I caught her putting popcorn into the pancakes to make them turn over themselves."—*Jester.*

Take Detour.—

There is an Easy Street,
The optimist declares,
But, he explains, right now
It's undergoin' repairs.
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Scaring the Enemy.—"Let other navies tag their ships with such awe-inspiring cognomens as *Dauntless*, *Scorpion*, and *Terror*," says the Chicago *Daily News*. "The U. S. Navy simply christens its newest cruiser *Chicago*, and lets it go at that."—*Christian Register.*

Mattresses Come Cheaper.—HOST—"When I was a young man I always said I'd never be satisfied till I'd smothered my wife in diamonds."

GUEST—"Most laudable. But why in diamonds?"—*The Humorist (London).*

Why Hubbies Stray.—

I share with all the hours that are bright;
Only with one I love I share my fears.
I keep my laughter for the world's delight;
Only to one I love I give my tears.
—*Louella F. Still in the New York American.*

When the Favorite Flops.—"Isn't it dreadful? The minister's son has decided to become a jockey. He was to have been a minister, you know."

"Well, he'll bring a lot more people to repentance than he would as a minister."—*Wall Street Journal.*

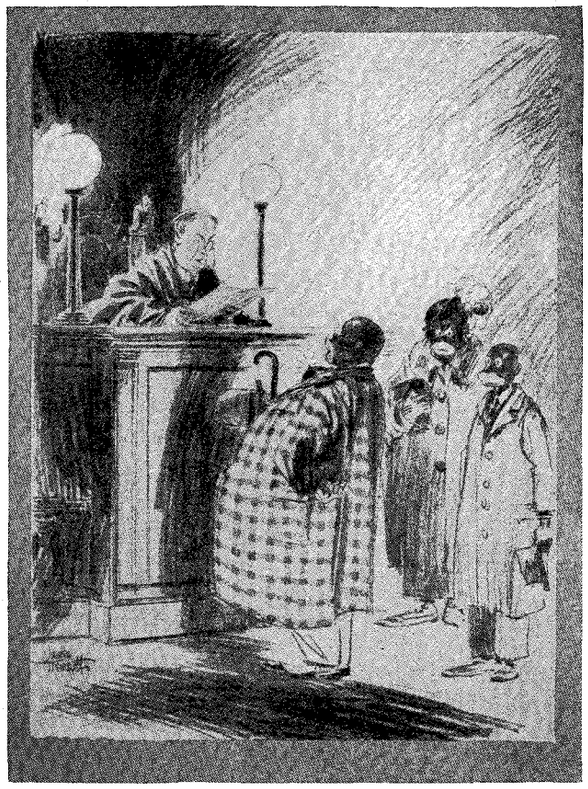
Absent Treatment Indicated.—"Is your love for me dead?"

"No, but it's very, very ill."—*Passing Show.*

High Shine.—News comes of a Broadway playboy who has diamonds set in his front teeth. He is regarded by many as just a flash in the pan.—*Life.*

What Price Crimson?—PRESIDENT OF BOXING CLUB—"Now there is the question of colors. Any suggestions?"

MEMBER—"I suggest black and blue."—*Wall Street Journal.*



"And what's your connection with this divorce case?"
"Youh honah, Ah's the grounds."
—"Judge."

Job for the Goat.—

It's nothing much to think of—
But every now and then,
I wonder where M. Gandhi
Carries his fountain pen.
—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Perfect Chesterfield.—"I desire no remuneration for this poem," said the office visitor. "I merely submit it as a compliment."

"Then, my dear sir, allow me to return the compliment," replied the editor with true journalistic courtesy.—*Boston Transcript.*

Why Dad Blushed.—Father criticized the sermon, mother disliked the blunders of the organist, and the eldest daughter thought the choir's singing atrocious.

The subject had to be dropt when the small boy of the family, with the schoolboy's love of fair play, chipped in with the remark:

"Dad, I think it was a jolly good show for a penny."—*Cumberland Herald.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

But They Never Mention It.—Rickets is not inheritable. A few babies have congenial rickets.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

Building Castles in America.—Spain thus becomes the first Latin-American country to make this gesture.—*The Nation*

It Needed Some Planning.—Did Mrs —— plan the murder of the two women whose bodies were found in trunks a week before the crime was committed?—*Bradenton (Fla.) paper.*

Slow But Sure.—May 30 last he put his arms around her and tried to kiss her, she said. June 12 he succeeded.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Why, George!—
KING GREETS
GANDHI IN
SCANT GARB
—*New York Evening Journal.*

It Takes Time to Paint One, Too.—A red nose is the rent paid for tenure of a manor in Somerset, England. The custom is more than 700 years old.—*Charlotte Observer.*

Air-Minded Auto.—A mechanic was killed and the pilot was seriously injured when their automobile fell upon the roof of a house.—*Mexico City dispatch in the Pueblo (Colo.) Chieftain.*

Attaboy!—The famous "golden horseshoe" was filled, as usual, with gorgeously gowned and bejeweled women, immaculately togged men, with their ermine wraps, diamond brooches, necklaces, tiaras.—*Toronto Daily Star.*

Straight Gold for Us.—In India the Nizam has diamonds by the bushel, it is said, and incalculable quantities of gold and germs.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Horses Should Be Kept in Their Place.—
HORSE BITES OFF
BABY'S FINGER AS
IT SITS IN BUGGY
—*Washington Evening Star.*

Yeah?—To many of those who will watch his antics for the first time next week-end, Booth is a legendary figure, a second Red Grange, as it were. For two seasons now they have read of his individual feats against Harvard and Yale.—*New York Sun.*

When the Harvest Is Ripe.—Frank Soderlund of South Auburn reported to police that while he sat enraptured by Mrs. H——'s exhortations, somebody picked his pocket of $183.

Other collections, according to Mrs H——'s business representative, amounted to $300.—*Worcester (Mass.) News.*

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

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above.—"P. E. C.," London, England.—In the language of business, *above* is often used as an adjective, or even as a noun ("the *above* statement," or "it appears from the *above*"). Such expressions, tho employed by some good writers, have the weight of literary authority against them. If the reference is to something actually to be found in the text, as a sentence, a paragraph, or a statement, it is preferable to say, for instance, "The *foregoing* or *preceding* paragraph," "The statement *given above*." When the reference is to something, as a material object, a fact, a circumstance, or an incident, not actually included, but only mentioned, described, or related in the text, we may say, for example, "The *above-mentioned* circumstance," "The person *referred* to *above*," "The incident *related above*," etc.

avocation, vocation.—"W. McA.," Astoria, Long Island.—An *avocation* is "that which takes one from his regular calling"; it is "a minor or irregular occupation." The term is used loosely by good writers for *vocation*, which strictly signifies the main calling or business of life; an *avocation* is a diversion. *Avocation* is synonymous with *diversion;* it has been used as a synonym of *vocation*, but this usage is condemned by purists. These words were not originally synonymous, the first being derived from the Latin *avoco*, "I call away," and the second from *voco*, "I call."

curnock.—"E. C.," Syracuse, N. Y.—A *curnock* is a dry measure formerly used in the west of England and in parts of South Wales. Its capacity was variable. For corn it usually equaled four bushels; for wheat sometimes three bushels; for coal and lime it varied from ten to fifteen bushels.

dinner, luncheon, supper.—"T. A.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The word *luncheon* did not come into use until about 1580, and *dinner* was not used for *supper* until the latter part of the nineteenth century.

Originally *luncheon* was a slight repast taken between two of the ordinary meal-times, especially between breakfast and midday dinner. The word retains this original application with those who use *dinner* as the name of the midday meal; with those who "dine" in the evening, *luncheon* denotes a meal (understood to be less substantial and less ceremonious than *dinner*) taken usually in the early afternoon; now somewhat formal.

Supper was formerly the last of the three meals of the day (*breakfast*, *dinner*, and *supper*); now applied to the last substantial meal of the day when *dinner* is taken in the middle of the day, or to a late meal that follows an early evening *dinner*. *Supper* is usually less formal than late *dinner*.

Easter day.—"R. W. C.," Sweet Springs, Mo.—According to the decree of the Council of Nice, *Easter* is the first Sunday after the paschal full moon, that is, the full moon that occurs on the day of the vernal equinox, March 21st, or on any of the twenty-eight days following that date. Consequently, the earliest date on which *Easter* can fall is March 22d, and the latest is April 25th.

enjoy.—"W. F. W.," Detroit, Mich.—"To enjoy oneself" is to be pleased with one's occupation; to be joyful or happy. The use of the reflexive is permissible. The object of a reflexive verb denotes the same person or thing as its subject, as in the phrase "I *enjoyed* myself."

ether.—"M. A.," St. Louis, Mo.—In 1818 Michael Faraday indicated the advantage of the vapor of ether as an anesthetic, but that sulfuric ether produced insensibility was shown by the American physicians Godwin in 1822, Mitchell in 1832, Jackson in 1833, Wood and Bache in 1834, but it was first used to prevent the patient from feeling the pain of an operation by Dr. Thomas Morton, a dentist of Boston, in 1846.

Desultory experiments were made by Hickman, of Ludlow, England, in 1820. In 1842 Long, of Jefferson, Georgia, used ether vapors in operations, but failed to announce the results. Dr. Morton, unaware of Long's work, used ether vapor at the Massachusetts Hospital. Later in the year, 1846, operations were performed by Liston at the University College Hospital, in London.

high horse, to ride a.—"S. A." New York City.—As a phrase used of persons who affect airs of superiority or behave pretentiously or arrogantly, "to ride a high horse" is a modern one, so modern that it dates from the first decade of the last century—1805—"Great Britain, now on the *high horse*, will dismount again." In 1831, the Earl of Granville wrote to Lord Palmerston, February 4: "At one o'clock Sebastiani was warm, warlike, and mounted on his *highest horse*." The phrase took and spread to our side of the Atlantic and is to be found in Longfellow's "Outre-Mer": "My radical had got upon his *high horse* again." The phrase originated from the practise of mounting men upon great horses, the type for which Flanders was always famous. The great horse was the war-horse or charger, the French "grand cheval," a beautiful beast more than sixteen hands high. The English, when they describe a high horse, say literally, a great horse—the horse used in battle or tournament—but they forget that John Wyclif was among the first to make use of the phrase when he wrote, in 1380: "The emperour made hym and his cardenals ride in reed (red) on *hye ors*."

ironclad.—"F. R.," Mount Vernon, N. Y.—The British *Warrior*, the first ironclad, was launched December 29, 1860; length, 380 ft.; breadth, 58 ft.; plate, 4½ ins. thick; tonnage, 6,170; cost, $2,000,000. In the same year, the French launched an ironclad, the *Gloire*, but it was not termed an *ironclad*, a term used first by England. In 1812, John Stevens, of New Jersey, designed an iron-clad steam battery. Robert L. Stevens, of the same State, was commissioned to build an iron-plated war-vessel to be propelled by screws.

kin.—"G. W. McE.," San Francisco, Calif.—Strictly speaking *kin* refers to persons descended from a common ancestor connected by blood relationship. This is the sense of the meaning of the word since King Alfred's time to the present, but this is now rare, and has been superseded by the meaning, "a group of persons that are related one to another; one's kinsfolk or relations collectively," a sense that has been in common use side by side with the first since 1297.

lurid.—"E. M.," Flushing, Long Island.—*Lurid* is frequently misused. That which is *lurid* gives a ghastly yellowish red light, as flames mingled with smoke, or reflecting or made visible by such light; by extension, giving uncertain or unearthly light of any kind; as, *lurid* flashes of lightning; a *lurid* atmosphere. This term should be distinguished from *livid* which means black and blue, ashen or lead-colored. A *lurid* story is a ghastly "yellowish" story of the sensational type. The word means also pale, wan, sallow, and figuratively, gloomy, ghastly, and not a suggestive or an immodest one.

masthead.—"P. S. F.," New York City.—This is the correct spelling for the term you have in mind. In the newspaper cant of the United States it designates the name of a newspaper, notice of its ownership, of the officers conducting it, etc., with advertising, editorial, and publication offices, printed at the head of the first column of the editorial page, or elsewhere in monthly publications.

normalcy.—"S. T.," New York City.—The correct pronunciation is *nor'mal-si*—*o* as in *or*, *a* as in *final*, *i* as in habit.

radium.—"C. E. F.," Rowayton, Conn.—A particle of *radium* may be described as a miniature sun, yet in appearance it is not unlike salt. A metallic element obtained from the uranium mineral pitchblende, it is very highly radioactive. Its atoms undergo spontaneous disintegration yielding radium emanation, the only gaseous product of the series. Lead is said to be the end product, but pitchblende has been found in lead, silver, and tin mines, and it is from the elements of this that radium is extracted. As an element, it is so rare that only about a grain is worked out of a ton of pitchblende. So far, the total amount of radium obtained throughout the world is to be reckoned by ounces, and consequently, it is valued in terms of millions of dollars. It was first obtained by Pierre Curie, his wife, Mme. Curie, and G. Bémont, in France, in 1898.

Salic law.—"D. C.," Albany, N. Y.—The *Salic law* is one of the provisions of a code of laws of the Salian Franks first drafted in about the fifth century. The code relates chiefly to compensation or punishment for crimes; it contains a provision regarding the succession to the Salic lands. The provision declares that males shall "inherit lands in preference to females." The law is best known by its special application as excluding women from the throne of France.

soon got better.—"A. N. B.," Cheswick, Pa.—That which may be used in conversational English or intimate correspondence is frequently challenged by purists—*but* the end justifies the means. "Soon got better" means more than "recovered," for it implies that a person did so after a short lapse of time. "Quickly recovered" does not do this; therefore, the writer would have to get on stilts to express his or her views, and stilted English is for the highbrow and poseur.

S O S—"L. C. S.," Mount Kisco, N. Y.—As a code signal, this symbol does not require periods, but when written with periods, it is used as the abbreviation for *Service of Supply* in the army.

spectacles.—"I. S.," Queens Village, Long Island.—The invention of *spectacles* has been claimed for Roger Bacon about 1280 by Dr. Plott, but they are generally supposed to have been invented by Alessandro de Spina, a Florentine monk, in 1285. However, Manni credits Salvino, who died in 1317, with their invention, and the claim is justified by the inscription on his tombstone which reads: "Qui giace Salvino degli Armati, inventore degli occhiali: Deo gli perdoni le peccata"—Here lies Salvino of Armati, inventor of spectacles: God pardon his sin."

Friar Jordan de Rivalto, in a sermon delivered by him in 1305, told his auditors that "it is not twenty years since the art of making spectacles was found out, and is indeed one of the best and most necessary inventions in the world." This puts the date of the invention at 1285.

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